

# Chatelaine

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*

FEBRUARY, 1946  
TEN CENTS





# I like that! You picking on my Patties!

**Go on . . . frown on chicken patties.  
But they're still the love of MY life!**

Wait! We can explain. Those patties are tops in taste. Nourishing, too. Plenty of smooth eating there. In fact, another of your favourite *soft* foods.

**Soft food . . . hard food . . . what's the difference?**

Plenty. You see, soft foods are so easy to eat that they deprive gums of the regular exercise they need.

**Daily work for my gums? Oh, say!**

Yes, we *do* say—that modern gums are often sensitive gums. You may even see a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. So massage with Ipana Tooth Paste to help keep your gums firmer. Do your smile a favour, too.

**But who's talking about my SMILE?**

We are. You want a radiant one, don't you? So you need bright, sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And *that* brings us back to Ipana and massage—so helpful in keeping gums healthier.

**Suppose "pink tooth brush" does pop up? If you're wise, you'll heed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. It calls for a *visit to your dentist—right away!***

He may tell you that gums have become tender, flabby—deprived of exercise by modern soft foods. And he's likely to suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage"—as so many dentists do.

Good advice. For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, it helps the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you feel will tell you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues, helping gums to firmer health.

There's magnetism in a radiant smile. Watch it work for you—when you help keep your smile bright and sparkling with Ipana and massage.



*A product of Bristol-Myers  
Made in Canada*

**Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!**



# MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

*in Soups Condensed by Heinz*



Now that Heinz Soups are condensed you get four bowls of richer, fuller-flavoured soup from every tin by simply adding an equal amount of water or milk. Several kinds to choose from . . . all condensed. You get more for your money in Heinz Condensed Soups than ever before.

## TRY THESE MAIN DISHES MADE FROM HEINZ Condensed SOUPS

### Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons bacon drippings
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 10-oz. can Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 10-oz. pkg. spaghetti
- Grated old Canadian cheese

Brown the chopped onion in bacon drippings until soft. Add beef and cook until brown. Add Soup, water and seasonings. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Cook spaghetti and drain. Serve the sauce over the spaghetti and sprinkle with cheese. Serves 8. 1 cup sliced mushrooms may be added if desired.

### Shepherd's Pie

- 3 tablespoons diced onion
- 3 tablespoons diced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons mild flavoured dripping or butter
- 1/2 lb. raw, ground beef or 1 cup cooked, ground beef
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 10-oz can Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup, undiluted
- 1 cup mashed potatoes

Sauté onion and green pepper in fat until tender. Add meat and brown. If raw meat is used, cook thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt. Add Soup and simmer, uncovered, for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place in baking dish and top with mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 20 minutes or until potatoes are well browned. Serves 4.

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# HEINZ

*Condensed*

# SOUPS

was it **Pity?**  
was it **Love?**  
was it **Passion?**



**WHY DID HE RISK HIS LIFE TO SAVE THIS STRANGER—THIS HAREM GIRL?**

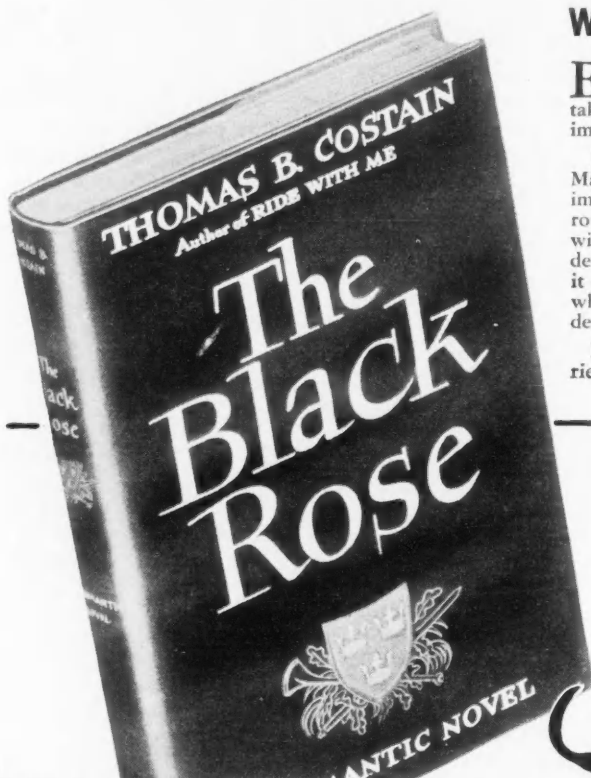
**E**VEN this hint of what is in store for the reader of "The Black Rose" will reveal why this breath-taking story jumped to the top of Best-seller lists immediately.

Doomed to the life of a harem girl, beautiful Maryam begged to be saved. And Walter of Gurney, imprisoned by the barren, treacherous desert, surrounded by bloodthirsty Mongolian guards armed with hatred and vicious spears, risked torture and death to free this piteous stranger. Was it *pity*? Was it *passion*? Was it *love*? Why did he marry Maryam when his solemn vow pledged him to aristocratic, desirable Engaine?

If you read for sheer *entertainment*, you will be carried away by the thrilling, touching love story in "The

Black Rose." If you seek *adventure*, your blood will race as you travel the hazardous spice-trails of a baked and wind-blown desert—as you revel in the opulence of a fabulous Oriental palace—as you bear witness to the injustice of the old English feudal system.

Here is a historical romance that magically transports you and your easy chair to the panoramic scenes of the grandeur, love, and danger of a never-to-be-forgotten age. No wonder nearly 800,000 readers are already acclaiming Thomas Costain's sensational new novel as the finest they have read in years! And now, though "The Black Rose" is selling by the thousands in the publisher's edition at \$3.25 retail, you can obtain your copy absolutely **FREE** by joining the Literary Guild Book Club, as explained below.



TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

**Free** "The Black Rose"

by THOMAS COSTAIN

Mail This Coupon

**FREE: The Black Rose**

The Literary Guild in Canada,  
Dept. C2, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "The Black Rose" absolutely **FREE**. I am also to receive free each month the Guild Brochure, "Wings", and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.20 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publisher's edition) within a year.

(If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the following books for only \$2.20. Just check the box preceding the title.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Gauntlet         | <input type="checkbox"/> So Well Remembered                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Three O'Clock Dinner | <input type="checkbox"/> Bedside Book of Famous French Stories |

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**"BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS FRENCH STORIES"**

Edited by Belle Becker and Robert N. Linscott.

A "bedside" anthology of the most famous and fascinating stories of today and yesterday by France's greatest writers. Publisher's price, \$3.95.

**"SO WELL REMEMBERED,"** By James Hilton

The wife who wrecked the lives of two husbands — one of whom was much too good to her! Publisher's price, \$2.75.

**"THE GAUNTLET,"** By James Street

Was it wrong for these servants of God to live and love like other human beings? Publisher's price, \$3.00.

**"THREE O'CLOCK DINNER,"** By Josephine Pinckney

The story of jealousies, passions, hatreds and loves that exploded at a typical three o'clock "family dinner." Publisher's price, \$3.00.

Because of production limitations the number of new members the Guild can service is restricted. By joining now, your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any price increase on Guild selections for a year. **MAIL COUPON NOW.**

**THE LITERARY GUILD IN CANADA, 105 BOND STREET, TORONTO 2, CANADA**





Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus."

## It may be DANDRUFF

...better do something about it NOW!

IF YOU have persistent symptoms like those mentioned above don't ignore them. You may be running into a peck of trouble. Those ugly flakes . . . those troublesome scales . . . that annoying itching . . . may be evidence that dandruff has started.

Don't waste a minute hoping that it will disappear. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. It quickly destroys millions of germs associated with dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the queer "bottle bacillus."

Often, from the very outset, you can note the improvement that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment brings. Scales and flakes begin to disappear. Irritation is relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles. It looks healthier and feels healthier.

### 76% Improved in Tests

This is the same treatment with which, in one month 76% of dandruff sufferers, in a clinical test, obtained positive relief from, or marked improvement in, their dandruff symptoms.

Literally thousands of men and women rely on Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution against dandruff, and as a prompt first-aid treatment when it has started. If you have the slightest case of dandruff get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.



### The TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week just as a precaution. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and Massage**

Made in Canada

## Foreword and Footnotes



IT'S truly amazing what the modern scientific approach can do with something as humdrum-familiar to us all as Family Life. When you consider the long history of The Family as society's basic unit, when you look back over centuries and generations and realize how families have always been typed as rich or poor, good or bad, distinguished or common, happy or contentious, you'll be inclined to doubt that anything dynamically new can be discovered. But this issue of Chatelaine offers interesting evidence to the contrary. On Page 10 you'll get the up-to-date findings of a Canadian sociologist on the important subject of family life as it is today in this Dominion—findings based on an exhaustive questionnaire sent to more than 1,000 couples, and illuminated by scientific analysis and careful judgment.

C. Wesley Topping, pictured above, is the man responsible for this instructive survey of marriage and family life. He is Professor of Sociology at the University of British Columbia, where he has been a member of the staff since 1929. He is also the very active President of the Pacific Northwest Regional Committee of the National Conference on Family Relations, which will meet in Vancouver in April to discuss many of the new angles brought out in Dr. Topping's recent investigations and discussed in our Chatelaine article.

The author is a graduate of Queen's and has a Ph.D. from Columbia University. He served overseas in World War I as private and lieutenant, married in 1925, has a son and daughter, and writes us that, after he and his wife filled in the Family Questionnaire, they were glad to discover themselves among the top 15% in Happiness rating. Their family type, they believe, is Equalitarian—and for further elucidation on this point you must read the article.

RUTH COLLINS' delving into family life is altogether different from Dr. Topping's. She is the artist responsible for Chatelaine's new series of cartoons,

and nothing pleases her more than to put her Early Mongolian caveman family into purely modern situations. Born in England, Ruth took her special training at the Ontario College of Art, and outside of funny stuff her major field of work has been illustrating children's books. She lives near Thornhill, north of Toronto, in a picturesque old house shown on Upper Canada maps as Greenbush Inn, a landmark at the time the angry farmers of North York marched down Yonge Street.

You'll find her latest effort on Page 64.

AUSTIN CROSS, whom you see below, authored our provocative piece, "I Miss the Women," on Page 16. He is writing, of course, from his special vantage point in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, Ottawa, and his lamentations concern the passing from the parliamentary scene of such able members as Agnes Macphail,



Dorise Nielsen, et al. He knows Ottawa intimately, having lived there since childhood, and during a long newspaper career having unique opportunities to study our form of government and the individuals who conduct it.

Before the smell of printer's ink got at him, he took his B.A. at Queen's University, financing his own way with vacation jobs in Montreal and Saint John and as a harvest hand on the prairies. Later he taught school among the new Canadians in a Saskatchewan community. One summer he accumulated another experience by selling aluminum utensils from door to door in the Cornwall district.

As a journalist, he has covered a lot of territory: the Yukon, Asiatic Turkey, the Balkans, Scotland, the West Indies. Some of his travels have been made by plane, but he likes railways better and boasts that he has ridden 108 different lines on the North American continent.

He is married and has two children. "You can quote my wife as saying she waits on me hand and foot," writes Mr. Cross. +

# The Day of the Henna Rinse

by Valeria Winkler Griffith

Illustrated by Gwen Fremlin



*For Victoria it started as an ordinary day — but, as the incidents piled up, it changed the direction of destiny.*

IT WAS warm and steamy in the little booth. Victoria Carroll relaxed under the gentle pressure of Sally's strong young fingers and closed her eyes. It was such fun having your hair washed for you. A luxury since it happened so infrequently.

While she drowsed in the reclining chair she reviewed her plans for the day; shopping for a

suit and hat, a checkup at the dentist's, blouses and socks for Cecelia and a rubber ring for the pressure cooker. Then lunch with Cecelia and her two friends and Miss Graham who was accompanying them down from school. She would also have to go to Todd's office for a key to the safety deposit box since she'd forgotten her own. She frowned. She

didn't like to bother Todd. She rarely called the office and almost never went there.

She considered the matter of the suit briefly. Black was always nice and there wasn't the bother of matching up accessories. It did show lint though, and then, too, her old suit was black. Tan and grey were both serviceable colors. + Continued on page 38





Workaday hands can have  
a "Luxury Look"!



Yes—your hands can stay on the beauty shift—even though you're busier than ever before! The secret's Trushay—a *different kind of lotion*—made to a *special formula*. You use Trushay *beforehand*—before you wash undies, or do the dishes—before hot, soapy water can mar soft hands!



For look-pretier evenings, Trushay is marvellous! Use it *beforehand* to guard the smoothness of your hands. Then try it as a powder base. (It's clinging, fragrant.) Or for all-over body rubs—see how fine and smooth this delightful lotion leaves elbows and knees, how velvet soft your back and shoulders.



This generous-sized bottle of peach-toned fragrance lasts a surprising length of time! Because Trushay is so rich that a few drops go a long, long way. Just watch your skin respond to this delightful new treat. You can't afford to miss such a thrifty luxury! Get Trushay at your druggist's.



# TRUSHAY

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

The "Beforehand" Lotion that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT CANADA

hand and voice to steady me. When the shouts of our rescuers sounded, I even knew a faint regret that they had arrived so soon. Not until much later did I know how Barry had hung at a dangerous angle, with his free hand about the root of a dead tree, and that he knew, as I did not, that if that tree gave way, we would have both been lost. Tony was the one who told me that, over and over again.

"It was a marvellous bit of work. Everyone says so," he would say. And I never forgot the almost wistful way he added, "Of course he's bigger than I am—and 15." Tony at less than 14 was slight and small. I felt sorry for Tony, and I took pains to insist he was a very important hero because he'd taken the message that saved us. But in my heart in that reawakened hour I could hear again, as I heard then, Barry's quiet voice through the roar of wind and wave.

I don't know why, but I felt sorry for Tony again as my heart slowed down, there in the darkness of my bedroom. Tony had always had that air of diffident

uncertainty. Poor Tony—he had no cause to belittle himself. Barry was gone—with the crash of wings in the heart of China—and in the past five years there had been no question of any others.

That was the first night I dreamed of Barry. By morning the vivid strangeness of that hour, born from the mists of sleep, had left me. The second dream came two days later. They had been busy days of shopping and activity. I boarded with my widowed cousin Lou and her three children—and the whole house was in a state of helpful, happy chaos. Lou went out that evening to visit a neighbor, and Tony and I arranged our latest wedding presents. Sheila, aged nine, was with us, and Tony was in a gay mood. Sheila sighed enviously. "When I grow up, I hope I marry someone exactly like Tony," she said. When she went upstairs to bed she looked at us with an expression of ecstatic bliss on her small face. "Every night I dream about my wedding day!" she solemnly announced.

Tony flung himself on the couch, and I saw the brightness die from his face. He looked tired, and suddenly I felt tired too. After all, marriage would bring the strain of new problems for us both. I sat down beside Tony, and waited for his arm about me. But he did not move, and after a minute he said slowly:

"When you were a child, were you like Sheila? Did you dream at nights about your wedding?"

I was surprised, but I answered lightly.

"Why yes, of course."

"And . . . was it just like this?"

I laughed. "Of course not. I dreamed of something terribly glamorous."

Tony was silent so long then that my eyes were drawn to his. And in their depths I saw something so disturbing that I felt the racing pulses at my throat. He said, very quietly:

"You dreamed perhaps—of Barry."

What was it in that instant that made something in me tighten, so that even the little muscles of my face seemed to freeze? What made hidden voices beat against my mind—voices that longed to cry out, "Yes, yes, I did! I dreamed of him every night, and all day long. There was no life for me without Barry, and there never will be! Can't you understand that all of this means nothing . . .!"

I stared back at Tony numbly, and all at once his face was so white I am sure he must have felt the force if not the sense of that inner tumult. But just as quickly the moment passed, and I was a normal bride-to-be, laughing away my bridegroom's apprehensions, I reached for his hand.

"Tony, don't be foolish. All I want now—is you."

His voice was suddenly eager. "You mean that?"

"Yes, I mean that."

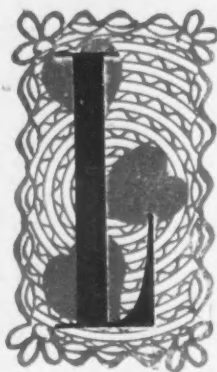
He drew a deep breath, and put his arm around me. He began to speak, haltingly.

"You must think I'm + Continued on page 36

# Heart







**L**AST NIGHT why did I have to dream of Barry Llewellyn again? Why should I wake up in the darkness, with my heart so wildly pounding, and an icy unknown fear at my throat. Why should a memory come back to me now, to haunt me so persistently? I had not seen Barry since that day six years ago when I was just 18. And tomorrow I shall be Tony Wilber's bride. I am happy. I have been happy for months, wrapped in domestic dreams dear to the heart of every woman. Why should this other, more tormenting dream out of my past come to perplex me now?

Was it because of something that, in a moment of casual reminiscence, Tony had said the other night? We were walking down the street beneath the stars, and his hand was warm about my own. I had known Tony since we were children, and he was a part of the things that had been dear and familiar, and now were gone. He was gentle and affectionate, good to look at in a clean, manly way, and it was not his fault or wish that an old ear condition should keep him behind a military office desk all through the war. That night he was talking as he rarely talked, in a rather diffident manner that I found curiously appealing. Tony scarcely ever spoke of the days of our childhood, and it must only have been our impending marriage that broke his reticence now.

"I think I've always loved you, Pat, from the time you first came running down the sands, with your yellow hair flying in the wind. You couldn't have been more than 10, and you looked at me and smiled."

I fell in with his mood. "And I said, 'You're the boy who lives in the big house on the hill. I'm Pat, and I've come to live with my granny. My granddad's a fisherman.'" I began to laugh. "It sounds something like a fairy tale."

"And you were the princess." Tony paused before he went on in a slightly altered voice. "Only . . . I wasn't the one who said that, was I?"

"No," I said after a brief silence. "You weren't." We were passing under the dim light of a lamp, and I could see Tony's profile, quiet and still. I remembered thinking—what made you say that, and reach straight into the depths of the past? What made you bring back the vision of a boy, tall and straight, with a bright silk scarf knotted over a navy jersey, and sleeves and trousers rolled high over bare brown arms and legs? A boy with wind-tossed, fine black hair, eyes blue and sparkling as the summer sea, and a train of eager little village lads in his wake. He came over to us as we knelt, digging for crabs, and he spoke with easy pleasant authority.

"Hello. I'm Barry Llewellyn. My father's the new doctor." He looked at me and smiled. "We're playing Spanish buccaneers and we're taking treasure from a wrecked ship to the caves. Would you like to be our captive princess?"

I looked at Barry there on that rugged Welsh coast. I heard his soft persuasive voice, and I saw the swift light of his smile. Young as I was, I knew that Barry was an unforgettable spirit of life and adventure. I could have followed him to the ends of the earth as a captive princess, or even as a slave.

We passed beneath another lamp, and now Tony's glance was turned to mine. His grip tightened, and he spoke with a shadow of anxiety in his voice.

"Pat!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing. Only—all at once you seemed so far away."

I brought myself back to the present, and when once the spell was broken, there was no effort or longing to return.

"I'm not far away," I said. He drew a deep breath.

"Pat—I love you so much! Sometimes . . . I feel I don't know how to do the right thing to make you happy."

I laughed, and my fingers turned in his. "Silly!" I said softly. "You couldn't do anything more." And I felt that he couldn't. I didn't ask for any more than Tony offered. When he put his arms on my shoulders

and kissed me, I gave him my lips with full trust and affection. Yet, oddly, I sensed that he was troubled.

"Tony, are you afraid of marriage?" I whispered. He kissed me again, hard and quickly, and that was my answer and my good night. I went to sleep quietly and happily. And yet I woke up two hours later, with my heart pounding crazily. I sat straight in the darkness—and I tried to remember. Tony had been carrying me, somewhere through a stormy night, and I had been afraid with a cold deadly fear. I had struggled, and I had tried to scream—vainly, until I woke up with an icy dampness on my face and a name fighting past my lips.

"Barry! Save me—Barry!"

I sat there until the mists cleared, and until I knew. Once Barry *had* saved me, and in the curious channels of the subconscious the memory had been brought to life again. This time it took me back 12 years—when we had gone, Tony, Barry and I, hunting birds' eggs along the cliffs. I was agile and adventurous, and I

was even more willing than the others to climb to precarious points. Perhaps I was overconfident that day, for I slipped and fell, and lay, clinging to the edge of a narrow ledge, afraid to move—afraid even to scream. I could only lie face downward, staring with fascinated horror at the white-crested waves breaking over jagged rocks below. The first conscious thing I knew was Barry's voice, quiet and controlled just above me.

"Don't move," he said easily. "You'll be all right. Tony's run for help, and he'll soon be back. See—I'll put my hand around your arm and hold you. Then you can't fall until they come."

An instant later I felt his hand, warm and comforting, and the panic eased. We must have waited there nearly an hour, and all the while Barry talked to me, pleasantly, about his family and school, and his plans to be a doctor, too. It even seemed natural to be lying there, with the strength of the sun and wind upon me and the sweep of waves below—and Barry's

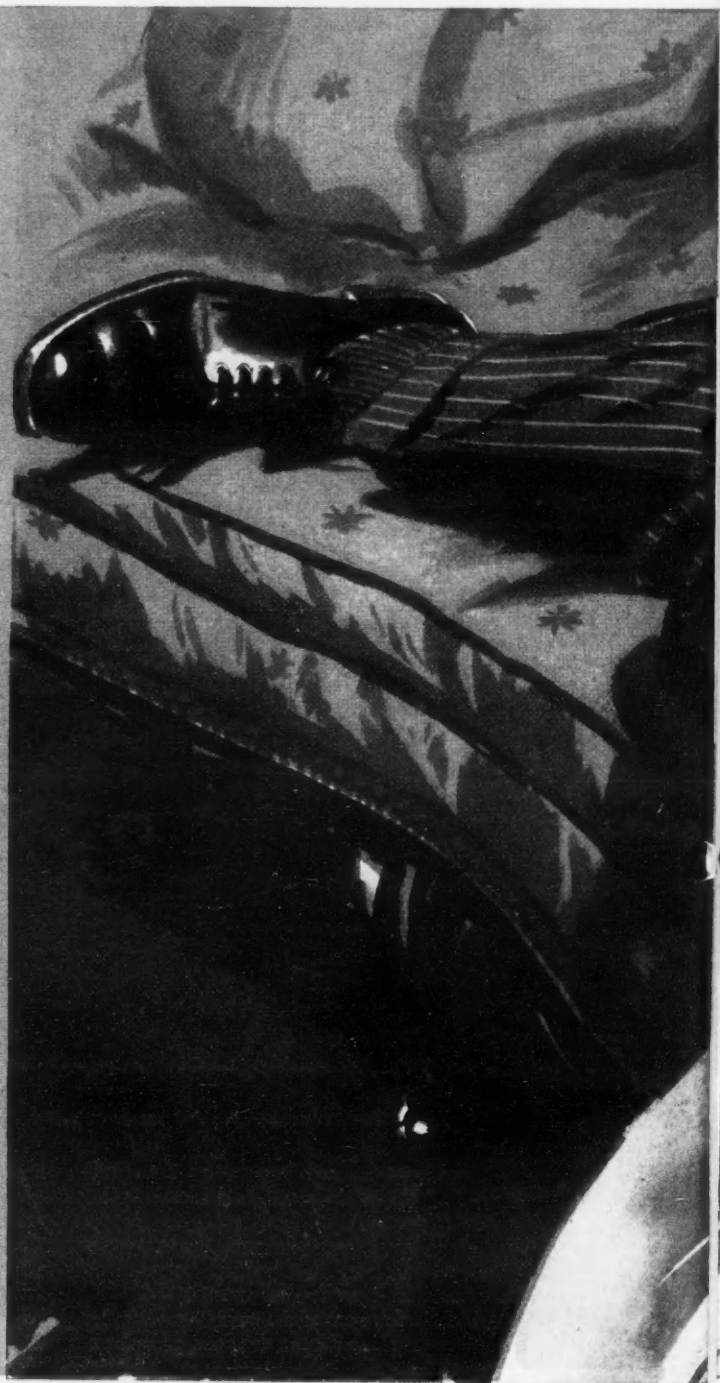
# The Captive

A wedding had been arranged — yet her dreams warned her, across the miles and across the years, that she was not free to marry this man

BY  
BERYL GRAY

Illustrated by Jack Keay.

*What was it in that instant that made something in me tighten, so that even the little muscles in my face seemed to freeze?*





# For Sale, Princess

BY PAUL ERNST

THE night sky was a dark-blue velvet drape across a great arched window. The stars were pinholes in the drape, allowing the unearthly glow behind to filter through. Lights from the Canoe Club terrace made mercurial streaks across the lake's black carpet, merging there with the moon's roadway; and along these arteries pulsed mellow notes from the radio phonograph like Indians stealing through a silver forest.

It was a blatantly, impossibly beautiful night. It was a night of the kind in which wonder can arrive, or catastrophe; in which glory can be born, or humiliation. On such a night, before the first World War, George and Sarah Murdoch had plighted their troth. Honest, that was the way George thought of it. It hadn't been in a buggy, they weren't that ancient; but the automobile had been one with a brass radiator and brass lamps and a folding top rightly regarded as one of the seven complexities of the modern world.

The things George and Sarah had said on that other impossibly beautiful night were no one's business but their own. They were not the kind of thing young people said now. George would not have cared to have his nephew, Nick Regard, know that his uncle's proposal had been the kind that bagged the trousers gallantly at the knees.

Nick Regard, living with him and Sarah after his father died, would have grinned at the picture. Other days, other values. George and Sarah had two-stepped in a simpler and perhaps sturdier age, one in which the heart pounded when the hand was held, and in which romance was romantic.

"Not much left of that now," George growled. He was a solid little man, still square shouldered, with a square stubborn jaw over collars he had starched even in summer.

Sarah Murdoch stirred beside him on the terrace bench. She was grey, cute, and rounder than the Moderne Matron Shoppe liked, thanks be. When she looked at Uncle George there was apt to be a liquid brightness in her grey eyes that made her seem 26 instead of more than twice that old. "Not much of what, dear?" she enquired.

*There was nothing in Nort's eyes but the remembrance that this girl had had him — and then rejected him.*

"Romance," said George, "if you'll permit the word."

SARAH LAUGHED softly, then grew grave and voiced the thing both had been thinking, the fact that had set George to ruminating about romance in the first place.

"George," she said, "Norton is back in town."

"I know," said George irritably. He was irritable because he felt helpless.

"It's a ridiculous situation," Sarah said, which was true but inadequate. A jilted suitor who keeps on hanging around the girl who jilted him can appear ridiculous. But when he hangs around with brass knuckles on both hands, driving away all succeeding suitors, what is he then?

"It's absurd," George Murdoch snapped. "But what's to be done? You can't have the young whale arrested. It does no good to talk to him. Mrs. Ware did that once, and the story is that Norton Lyman only laughed and said, 'Why, Mrs. Ware, Marcy and I are great friends. Just because we were engaged and she stood me up doesn't mean that we aren't still friendly.' Meanwhile, every time a boy shows interest in Marcy, Norton spoils it."

"It's too bad Marcy hasn't a father," said Sarah. "Or a big brother. A very large big brother."

"I wish I were younger and huskier."

"Nick is," observed Sarah.

"Nick," said George with a sigh, "spent his time studying to be a professor instead of going in for athletics. Norton, on the other hand, is the biggest and best centre Wellbridge ever had. But that's not the point."

"What is the point?"

George waved his hand to include moon, stars, lake. The smooth notes from the vacuum tubes flowed on.

"This is the point," said George. "This setting for sentiment when sentiment no longer really exists. The war, changed moralities and all. There are no dragons any more. Chivalry went out with the Apperson automobile."

"Oh, George, don't be so silly."

"Look around you," George said stubbornly. He nodded toward the clubhouse where those of the young set not out in canoes danced and clowned in the cleared dining room. "The idea now is that any suitable young couple, suitably exposed to each other, will fall in love and

be reasonably happy. Therefore, why give up anything for any special one? Each princess has her price. The boys figure it carefully and if it's too steep they move along. 'Hi, babe. Good-by, babe.'"

"Idiot," said Sarah.

"All right. How many boys has Norton driven away from Marcella simply by flexing his muscles at them? Five?"

"Only three, dear. After all, Norton is a great deal over six feet and weighs hundreds of pounds."

"If you'd broken an engagement before I met you," said George, "and if the big thug had tried to keep me away from you afterward, I'd have sailed into him."

"Then you would surely have been knocked into the middle of next week. But I'd have bandaged your bruises and loved you very much. I expect Marcy would too."

"She won't get the chance. Nick and Marcy have been going around since Christmas, and have you ever heard Nick say one word to indicate that he thinks she's worth the kind of treatment Norton — yes, and Norton's father, as a power with Wellbridge University — could give him? After all, Nick hopes to teach at Wellbridge."

Sarah looked at the lake. She was quite as upset as George, but saw no reason to say so.

"And now Norton is back," George said. "And I'm not at all sure it's coincidence that he elects to show up at the club on the same night Nick and Marcy pick to go canoeing."

Sarah was silent. If George wasn't sure, she was. It was not coincidence.

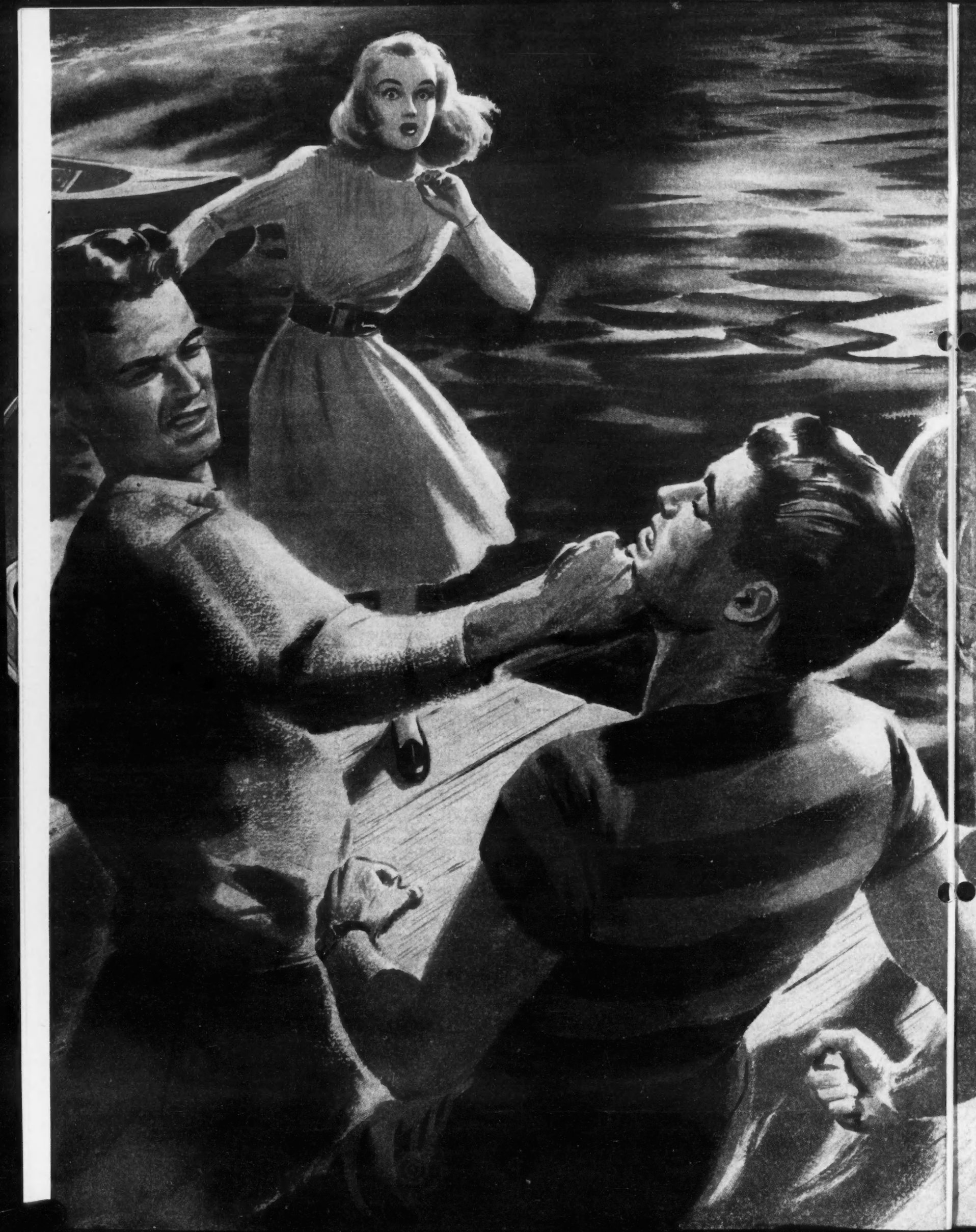
CLEAR LAKE was near enough to the fair-sized town of Okenosh for the edges of the two to meet. Some of the Canoe Club were summer people, but most lived here. Big blond Norton Lyman, telling the third of the stories he had brought back with him to the older men in the lounge and meanwhile keeping an eye on the screen door through which you could see the pier, was a native, son of James Lyman who owned Okenosh Enamelware. Three of the older men were residents — employees of Mr. Lyman's, in fact, which did not lessen their appreciative laughter at the stories told by the boss' son. The fourth man was a summer tenant and he was not laughing.

Nick Regard, nephew of George and Sarah Murdoch, was a resident; and so was Marcella + Continued on page 18

Illustrated by Carl Bobertz

Carl Bobertz







**Wait now . . . this isn't the old greybeard advice of sweetness and light and wifely obedience! This is the summing-up of matured opinions of more than 1,000 normal couples who co-operated in Canada's first scientific survey on a problem of vast importance: success in marriage. Study it privately — read it aloud to your husband — but don't miss it! *The Editors***

the divine passion which they support is grounded in emotional maturity. It is far removed from that will-o'-the-wisp passion of the story books which flits in and out of palpitating hearts with the ease and craftiness of a Superman bouncing from planet to planet.

The first chapter of Popenoe's "Modern Marriage" asks the question, "Are you old enough to marry?" This is a question which all who would become happily married must ask themselves and each other. Another American investigator, Lewis E. Terman, found that most California couples who were unhappily married had neglected to find an honest answer for the same type of question, "Are you sufficiently mature, emotionally, to assume the obligations of matrimony?"

California, unfortunately, has no corner on such marriages. We have all met Bill; he was born with a grouch and no one ever did anything about it; now Mary has him for a husband. And you met Judith before I did: tears at the slightest criticism. Infatuated Tom is keeping her in a fool's paradise. Will he always have the courage and patience to do it? Then John, he goes off the deep end at the least provocation; blustering, floundering, spluttering. June demands perfection. Her house is spotless, but Henry prefers comfort to tidiness. His revenge takes the form of dogs and dog hairs. One could mention Percy who still pouts at 38; Jim who considers himself Don Juan; Henrietta who lost her self-confidence at the age of five and has still to find it; Jennifer who thinks of herself first of all, and last of all. These friends of ours all suffered from the same matrimonial complaint. They had not grown up emotionally, with the result that, when they entered jauntily and thoughtlessly into marriage, they made a mess of two lives.

The happily married have learned that the qualities which we admire in the great and the good—consideration, kindness, good temper—can command even greater admiration and attachment in the close and intimate living of a home. One such couple writes:

"We married for love, and that understanding love has been the keynote of our home. We believe that we can get out of marriage only what we have worked to put into it."

So we see that emotional maturity is a must for successful family living in the modern world. From the same survey material we discover also that the democratic process of mutual give-and-take is abso-

lutely sound in application to home life. While others were discussing democracy in the abstract, our happily married couples were living it. Such a demonstration ought to invigorate the whole body of citizens—statesmen, business executives, labor leaders, bishops, and others who may sometimes grow weary with the slow democratic processes. But the lesson should not be lost on those who aim to stay married. The association of democracy with family living is recent. The great stabilizing core of Hitler's totalitarian state was the despotic, male-dominated German family. It was not, however, peculiar to Germany; it was known to all countries, including Canada. It was, indeed, the "ideal family" of our forefathers. Its menace to us lies chiefly in the fact that a number of organized groups, stampeded by the mounting divorce statistics, are advocating a return to it. The record of the experience of these happily married Canadians has set a new, positive, dynamic ideal for the Canadian family in full harmony with the times in which we live. We do not need to revert to the old order in a desperate attempt to save marriage. We can use the new ideal of practical democracy to make marriage a better, fuller experience, and to make it permanent.

THE BEFUDDLING of the divorce issue in Canada stems largely from the popular misconception that because adultery is the sole grounds for divorce in Canada, adultery must be the sole, or at least the chief, cause of divorce. No informed person can support this notion. A plea of adultery before a court is now recognized as the culminating incident in a long history of family trouble. The earlier incidents which started the married pair along the path to the divorce court have equal, if not greater, significance. Present Canadian procedures aimed at the reduction of divorce are faulty in that they commence too late and that they begin at the wrong end. We must change our system and look to causes, rather than symptoms, if we are to get very far in our attempts to stop family disintegration in Canada.

Infantile emotional behavior in one or both parties is, as we have seen, a definite cause. Woman's economic freedom is another factor, if not a cause. If her marriage does not measure up to specifications, she can return, with dignity, to the type of paid employment for which she was trained earlier. Other important factors to which attention is often called are the increasing strains and crises of modern competitive living; the

Continued on page 47

## There are three types of family:



**PATERNAL.** The "ideal" marriage of our forefathers. The household is male-dominated. The wife is dependent upon her husband's earnings and his generosity with them. There are four or more children. Such marriage may be broken by annulment or by husband's desertion, but it seldom ends in divorce.

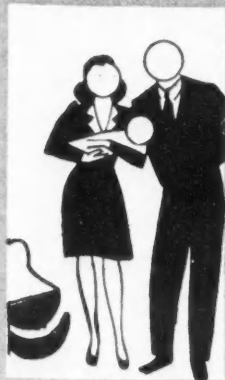


**EQUALITARIAN.** In this type of family, democracy is practiced as well as preached. Parents have joint bank account. Wife has had some career or wage-earning experience. Decisions will be reached in informal family discussions and even the younger children will participate. When council method fails, divorce may ensue.

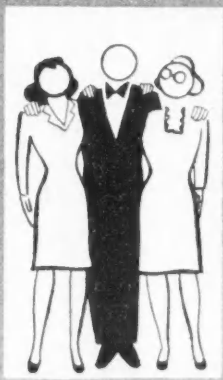


**EMANCIPATED.** Becoming more and more common in Canada. Wife continues with her job, and the marriage is generally childless. This type of family is the most readily adaptable to urban living; has double income to spend, eats out, is unencumbered by home owning or other roots. It has an alarming record in the divorce courts.

**PROFESS** mutual interest in the babies.



**AGREE** on the handling of in-laws.



**KISS** daily, never regret the marriage.





# How To Stay Married

BY C. WESLEY TOPPING

**T**HAT THIS has become one of Canada's major problems is evident to any observant person. At the beginning of World War I the Canadian family was as stable as any on earth; by the end of World War II, in one province at least, it was among the most unstable. Divorce has become a familiar word in Government statistics, in newspapers, and in almost every urban community of the Dominion. It has lost its quality of shock. Prior to 1883 Canadians counted their divorces in single units; after that year in tens; by 1918 we were counting them in hundreds; by 1934 in thousands. In 1913 we had less than one divorce in 1,000 marriages; at the present rate of increase it is predicted that 20 years hence the Province of British Columbia alone will have one divorce to every marriage!

The problem, How to Stay Married, should be discussed from the positive or constructive angle. What gives solidity to marriage? Why do innumerable married couples, despite the divorce trend and the vicissitudes of life, remain happily married right down to the end of the chapter? The most obvious way to find out is to ask them and to analyze the factors that make for a successful marriage. Such surveys have been done from time to time in the United States, under the direction of psychiatrists and sociologists, but it was not until two years ago that the first study of the normal Canadian family got under way, sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and the British Columbia Regional Committee on Family Relations. These and other supplementary studies are beginning to make clearer the reasons for stabilized marriage.

As director of research for the B. C. Regional Committee on Family Relations, I sent out more than 1,000 questionnaires—the largest number being allocated to British Columbia, and a small percentage distributed in each of the other provinces. The replies may be considered, then, as representatively Canadian. The couples were rated on a Marriage-Adjustment Scale with possible scores ranging from zero to 199. No less than 33% of the group scored between 180 and 199 indicating a very high happiness rating. Unless we are prepared to deny that experience counts in life, we should be ready to listen to what this

group of happily married Canadians have to say concerning matrimony.

There is surprising agreement among them. From the answers to the important question, "Give what appear to you to be the three most important factors making for success in marriage," it becomes apparent that happy married life is compounded of the common things of earth rather than of stardust from heaven.

Here is the reply of a couple who scored 196, indicating an extraordinarily successful relationship:

1. Good home background, example and training.
2. Complete loyalty to and confidence in each other.
3. Love for each other. Marriage is a 50-50 proposition; each party should try to exceed his or her quota.

A British Columbia couple who scored 184 wrote:

1. A sense of humor; also similar mentality.
2. A determination to put the marriage before outside interests or any disturbing factors.
3. Children: we have found our children the biggest single source of contentment, interest and fun.

Let a happily married wife who lives in Manitoba be heard:

1. Get the right mate, then continue to be as pleasant and nice as you were before marriage.
2. Be a companion to your husband, especially after the children are born.
3. Have a thorough knowledge of sex matters.

From another province comes this reply:

1. A give-and-take attitude.
2. Common interests.
3. Kindness and understanding.

And this one:

1. Companionship.
2. Absolute confidence in each other.
3. A satisfactory sexual relationship.

Each of these statements represented the matured opinion of a happily married couple as to what made one marriage stick; but they represent more than that, because they duplicate many other answers. Some couples stressed the importance of religion in a happy marriage; believed marriage should be considered a sacrament, that husband and wife should engage in church activities together; should practice Christian democracy in the home. Others drew attention to the economic aspects of matrimony: an amicable and fair financial understanding; living within the family income. Attitudes and personal qualities earned a meed of praise: understanding love; respect; giving the benefit of the doubt; politeness. A number of replies underlined good health.

This, then, is what a group of happily married Canadians *think* concerning How to Stay Married. Do they practice what they preach? Did these couples live according to their own precepts? The record of the questionnaires which they filled in indicates that they did. Those who rated highest on our Happiness Chart engaged in at least some outside activities together but preferred to stay at home rather than to be on the go all the time. They were in full agreement on such fundamentals as the handling of family finances, philosophy of life, religion, friends, demonstrations of affection, intimate relations, caring for the baby, and the handling of in-laws. When disagreement arose, settlement was by mutual give-and-take. These couples kissed daily, never regretted their marriage, and would marry the same person again. Neither party had any complaint to record concerning the marriage, nor concerning the other. They were continuing a tradition for marital happiness, as their answers showed that parents on both sides of the family were content in their marriage too.

HOW CAN the admitted experience within these ideal marriages most directly benefit young Canadians just married or about to be, who are confronted on all sides with the records of the divorce courts?

In the first place, such recipes for happy marriage should help us at least to avoid that great modern blight, bogus romance. We have been reared in an unfortunate matrimonial tradition—the tradition of romantic love. Love has been reputed to open all locks, purge all souls, refine all crudities; love at first sight is the theme of our popular songs. Now these successfully married Canadians show no prejudice against love; they endorse it and exemplify it. But

## The majority of happy couples:

ENGAGE together in some activities outside the home.



PREFER home evenings to being on the go all the time.



ARE in full agreement on balancing the family budget.



SEE eye to eye on questions of religion, philosophy of life.



# Believe in Beauty



Photograph courtesy Universal Studios.

Lovely and talented Canadian girls talk frankly about their own personal beauty problems . . . and the importance of good looks and grooming to getting on in the world

by Adele White,  
Chatelaine's Beauty Editor



Photograph courtesy Warner Bros.

## Contest winner

She's billed as "the most beautiful girl in the world"—and she can sing and dance too! With this dazzling array of talent, Yvonne DeCarlo, Vancouver's gift to Hollywood, flashed into the limelight by winning a nation-wide movie contest. Photographs of her were sent to the contest by 21 members of the RCAF as their favorite pin-up girl.

"If 21 fliers want her—that's good enough for us!" quoth the judges, holding out first prize.

Right from first glance it's easy to see why her press agent dreamed up "The Most Beautiful Girl" title. Yvonne is a slick youngster, with shoulder-length tawny hair, wide grey eyes (except when she remembers to keep her lids at half mast in the true glammer-girl tradition), a cameo-perfect profile and clear white skin. Now that she's reached stardom she has to work harder than ever to keep up a high standard of beauty on very short time rations.

"The camera makes a girl look 10 pounds heavier, so I have to keep underweight; especially when I'm playing in costume pictures which require me to wear wasp-waisted gowns."

Her exercise periods take place in the studio gym night and morning. Like the majority of modern females, she has to keep a watchful eye on hip measurements, but Yvonne, the lucky one, has the use of a vibrating belt to break down fatty tissue.

Another figure problem is what's known as ballet dancer's walk—a too-loose and relaxed gait for perfection. "I think the way you hold yourself is very important. People judge you by it." And so she practices holding her torso very erect.

Her colorful hair is washed with a pine tar shampoo and also a milk, coconut oil and glycerine solution. It gives a lovely gloss to her tresses, yet makes them manageable.

Yvonne uses cake make-up—likes a heavy matt finish. She applies her lipstick with a brush—two coats with a flick of powder to act as binder. Mascara and blue eye shadow are also an important part of her make-up routine.



Dora, Eaton's.

## Montreal deb

The alarm clock goes off like a time bomb at 7.30 a.m. and Elise MacKlaier, one of Montreal's most popular deb's, jumps out of bed to get to her job on the dot.

For those who still believe that a girl spends her coming-out year like a kitten on a satin pillow, we're here to say that the modern deb has as arduous a life as a Hollywood starlet.

Elise shampoos her own hair and during the day wears it page-boy style; at night she sweeps her locks into a sophisticated topknot. Soap and water, a dash of powder and lipstick is the sum total of her beauty routine.

Walking, swimming and bicycling are her favorite sports. Last summer she and her sister covered 250 miles on their bicycles and intend to better the record this year.

## Hollywood star

Born in Penticton, B.C., Alexis Smith was spotted by a talent scout as she played the lead in amateur theatricals put on by her fellow college students. The screen test which followed proved so successful that she was given the feminine lead opposite Errol Flynn in "Dive Bomber"—a flying start that won her a place right up in the rarefied atmosphere of stardom.

Alexis—as all you movie fans know—is a tall slender blonde with smoky grey eyes and a peachlike complexion. Her greatest trial in beauty care, she confesses, is doing a patch-up job on unruly curls. For straggly ends which need first-aid treatment she dampens with cologne and rolls them in pin curls. The cologne lets the hair dry in a few minutes. Alexis says her hair becomes oily more quickly than most people's, so she winds cotton thread in the bristles of her hairbrush to pick up excess oil. Her long fingernails break easily so she never files them down sharply at the sides—just lets them grow out straight, then shapes the edges.

Even among the Hollywood galaxy, Alexis Smith has achieved her own special fame for her slim silhouette and her queenlike carriage. "I think of my neck and shoulders as pedestals which hold up my head." She follows a simple routine for exercising neck, shoulders and arms—stands with her spine against a wall, slowly raises her arms until finger tips touch over her head. At the same time she lowers her chin until it touches her chest, then lifts it slowly to normal position.

When it comes to make-up Alexis puts herself in the hands of the movie experts who know how to bring out that "natural but luscious" look. When she uses a powder base darker than her skin tone she continues it right down to the neckline of her dress.

It seems as though Alexis hit the jackpot from A to Z in beauty gifts—she never has to diet, just keeps the same weight regardless of what she eats. But before you put her on your list of miracle girls, listen to her exercise routine; archery, badminton, bowling, and ballet dancing.





Photograph courtesy Pasquale D'Angelo

### Concert singer

Frances James, internationally known Canadian singer, believes that beauty care is one of the most important aspects of her career.

"When you make a stage entrance," she confided to us, "you can be a success or a flop before you've had a chance to open your mouth, depending on whether your appearance pleases or displeases the audience."

Born in Saint John, N.B., Frances studied singing at McGill University and had her first concert engagement at Banff. During the Royal tour she was invited to sing before the King and Queen. Since then her lyric soprano and dramatic personality have become highlights on the concert platform. In private life, Frances James is Mrs. Murray Adaskin—her husband a member of the musical Adaskin family.

One of the greatest fears of a concert singer, according to Frances, is that a cold germ will attack just on the eve of an engagement and, instead of lovely clear tone, the voice will degenerate to a hoarse croak due to inflamed bronchial tubes. To protect herself from this catastrophe, she spends one afternoon a week having physiotherapy treatments which include body massage, ultra-violet rays, and exercises to improve carriage and posture.

Another afternoon a week is spent at a beauty salon. "To my hairdresser, I'm just a problem child! My hair is so fine it's just like a baby's and refuses to hold a wave. I have hot-oil treatments and scalp massage. I should brush my hair each night, but I don't, except when I'm on vacation when I have time to spend on all those delightful feminine rites of personal care. If I rub in tonic and brush steadily for 10 minutes a day, my hair seems to generate lustre. I'm going to resolve to make this routine in 1946."

Frances seldom uses soap on her face, prefers cleansing with cream, followed by skin food. In the morning she goes over her face and throat with an astringent skin tonic. Her make-up consists of a cream foundation, rouge, powder, and lipstick which she uses skilfully.

# They



### Radio actress

Thousands of Canadian women have heard the voice of Grace Matthews each day for the past three years as she has played the part of Soldier's Wife in a radio serial. Grace (Mrs. Courtley Benson) not only portrayed the life and problems of a wife whose husband was overseas, but she LIVED the part. Her husband recently returned from Army life.

Dark-eyed, pretty and vivacious, she more than measures up to the promise of her soft, well-modulated voice. She has a most enviable figure as well: broad shoulders, slim waist and hips, beautifully shaped legs and ankles. Simplicity is the keynote of both her clothes and her make-up. The latter she uses with considerable restraint as she's the tailored rather than the exotic type: liquid foundation a shade darker than her skin and powder to match. Mouth make-up is her greatest problem, "It just disappears soon after I put it on—I must eat it!" Grace is on the lookout for a brand of lipstick which will resist lip-biting habits. (We suggested a couple, so her problem may be solved.)

"I've learned to be awfully fussy about grooming. Studio audiences are just as critical as theatre audiences. I aim for bandbox perfection in well-brushed suits, smart hats, gloves and bags to match and just-right accessories. I try to keep up to the mark all day but when I get home at night I slip into slacks and a sweater—ummm, it feels wonderful!"

Keeping her weight up to par is another problem. "I don't know why I'm not fat—I have a tremendous appetite!" When questioned further, however, it seems her calorie intake isn't as great as she imagines: orange juice and coffee for breakfast, a salad or sandwich taken on the run at noon. Dinner is the only three-course meal.

Grace contends that a midwinter holiday does her more good than a summer vacation. Each year she spends a couple of weeks skiing in the Laurentians. Outdoor exercise in keen winter air is a perfect escape from the daily insistence of the mike and rehearsals.



### Camera favorite

June Taylor, Toronto, at the age of 16 was smart enough to use her eyes and her ears to good advantage. She started modelling with no training or experience—just watched the other models at work and improved on their tricks of the trade until she was one of nine beautiful girls chosen to represent Canada at a fashion pageant in London, England. When she returned to this country she launched out for a big-time job in New York—right to the sponsor of American Beauties, John Powers, the man by whom many are called up but few are chosen. June was chosen.

"A model has to go into training just like an athlete," says June. "She must look as fresh and dewy-eyed after the sixth session of photographing as she does after the first. Too many late parties can throw everything off centre."



She could almost tell that Daniel Conniston was thinking: "I can't stand women who get up and gab in public. They should be home raising families, hanging curtains and baking pies . . ."

TESS BENNETT, after all her experience before club groups and on the radio, was used to public speaking and could by now get up before any kind of audience and talk not only with poise but with good effect. The difficulty this afternoon was not with anything originating in herself, but with the fact that a certain man in her luncheon audience, specifically a big blond man sitting at a table near the front, kept impinging on her attention. It wasn't that he made any sounds or gestures. He sat with his chair pushed away from the table, one arm hooked over the back, his knees crossed, smoking cigarettes in uncountable quantities and dropping the stubs on the floor (as if he was used to living in a barn, Tess thought irritably, though it was evident from his clothes and his do-what-I-darn-please bearing that he probably lived not in a barn but in one of the local mansions) and he was listening very attentively, concentrating on what she was saying in a way that would have been flattering if it had been sincere. But it wasn't. That was obvious. What he was plainly trying to do was knock the props out from under her, make her feel, if possible, like a mere chattering ineffectual female.

Not that it was possible to make her feel that way. Tess was talking this afternoon about something on which she was well informed and concerning which she felt deeply. She had taught for several years at a university in the East, then had become associated with an organization working for world betterment. Her talk today before the Civic Club of the western city in which she was vacationing was on the problems of peace, and nobody, no matter by what insidious tactics, could make her feel that what she was saying was not worth saying and not worth hearing. On the other hand, the presence of an unsympathetic person in the audience, particularly someone like this man who had one of those strong personalities that could throw themselves right at you, wasn't a comfortable experience, and even if it failed to disturb your outward poise, could make things a bit tough for you inside.

At one point Tess was saying: "Now, we all know that the years to come hold not only the problem of keeping the peace we make with our enemies but of keeping the peace we already have with our friends. We hear talk, among the so-called political pessimists, of the trouble ahead of us, of the inevitable conflict of interests among the nations, of growing rifts and enmities, of countries ranged against each other in

new combinations. As to the trouble, no one would deny that. Of course there'll be trouble. Peace between friends isn't simple to keep. It involves, constantly, the factors of co-operation, compromise, concession; the willingness of both sides to give in, to meet each other halfway, to . . ."

At that point the man shifted his position slightly, dropped his eighth or eleventh cigarette to the floor, ground it out with his large well-polished shoe, and managed thereby to convey quite elegantly the inelegant effect of a snort. The strange thing was that Tess had a feeling he wasn't directing his contempt at what she was saying but simply at her as a person. She couldn't understand what was back of such behavior. Definitely she had never met him before. It couldn't be a personal grudge.

Afterward, when the meeting was breaking up, she had a chance to find out. Members stood about in chatting groups among the disorder of littered tables and velvet-backed chairs. Tess was among them, making a determined effort to remember names and faces since she was going to be here for a couple of weeks and would doubtless see many of these men and women again—when suddenly there seemed to be a tide of movement in her direction and she turned to see the big blond man coming toward her in the company of her friend, Ginny Crowell. It was obvious that Ginny had persuaded him against his inclination. In fact, introducing them, she winked at Tess and said: "Mr. Conniston insisted he didn't have the time, but I told him he simply had to meet you."

"Well, I'm a busy man," he said, unabashed, not trying to repair the damage at all.

"Yes, Mr. Conniston runs Dunlap's—one of our town's biggest department stores, Tess."

"He does?" said Tess pleasantly. "That's the one I bought some very lovely handkerchiefs in yesterday. It is a beautiful store."

Mr. Conniston gave his head a brief, good-enough-humored bob of thanks. Ginny drifted off, and there were perhaps three or four minutes when Tess and Mr. Conniston stood there alone, minutes that she was curious enough to put to use in trying to find out how his thoughts operated. Certainly he was a handsome, sophisticated-looking man, big and energetic, with all the brain power you could ask for showing in his blue eyes, and plenty of humor, Tess suspected, when he was willing to let loose with it. Not the sort of looks that went with being antifeminist—and yet she was beginning to suspect he was just that.

"You didn't care for my talk, did you, Mr. Conniston?"

"Well, to tell the truth," he answered, "I can't stand women who get up and gab in public. Nothing personal, Miss Bennett, but it just gives me a pain in the neck, that's all. They ought to be home raising families and hanging curtains and baking pies, that's what they ought to be doing."

"When you can buy such excellent pies at the bakery?" said Tess. She was suddenly in a gay high humor. His words were too extreme to give sensible offense. "Why," she said, "I predict the day when even babies can be purchased over a counter. Why, you're in the dark ages, Mr. Conniston. This is the age of emancipation. Didn't your mother ever tell you?"

"My mother," said Mr. Conniston, "was a real homemaker, and still is. Compared to my mother, these rattle-brained, publicity-seeking, loud-mouthed—"

"Oh!" said Tess, wincing amiably. "Are all those horrible adjectives intended for me?"

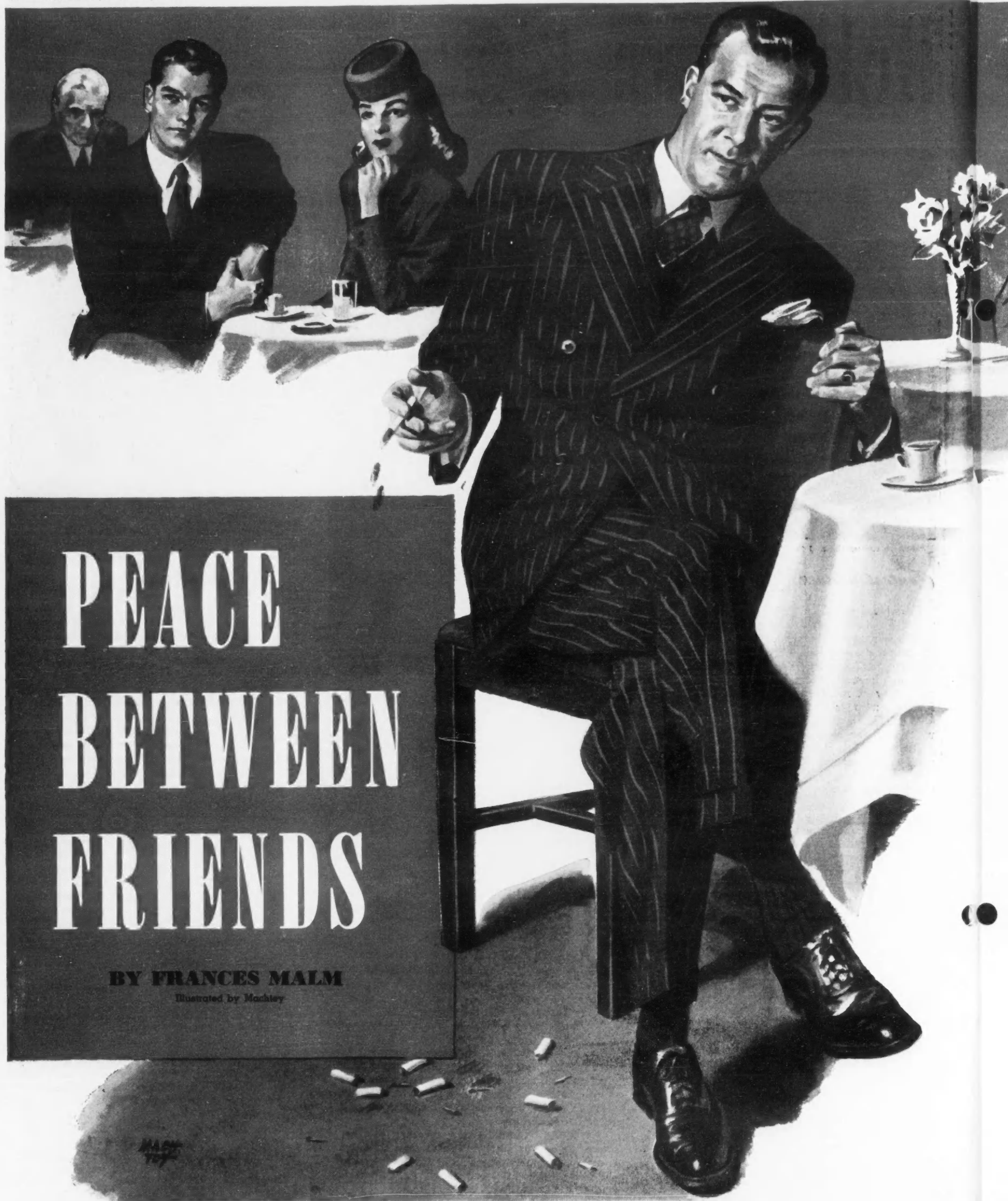
MR. CONNISTON glanced at her. Then all of a sudden something happened, and Tess realized that she was dealing not only with a stubborn, vigorous personality, but also with an extremely charming one: Mr. Conniston smiled. It was not a particularly warm smile and definitely not a sincere one; it simply set out, with complete command of the technique, to charm, and it succeeded to the extent that Tess, who had met a good many personable men with equanimity, felt an actually startling reaction in herself.

"Intended for you, Miss Bennett?" he said, giving her a look that thoroughly and appreciatively appraised her. "Why, no. I can think of much nicer adjectives for that purpose. Frankly, you're very lovely to look at—just tall enough, just slim enough, just—even just old enough, I'll bet my hat . . ."

"Well, that's better!" said Tess, with a soft gay laugh. "Much better." But several moments later, even several hours later, she was still recalling that smile of his, and the effect it had had on her. My goodness, he's dangerous, he's dynamite—what's his wife doing not keeping her eye on him? She no longer felt any resentment at the way he had behaved when she was giving her talk. She wondered if she'd be seeing him again.

Tess had come west for a vacation. Her old college chum Ginny had insisted + Continued on page 21





# PEACE BETWEEN FRIENDS

BY FRANCES MALM

Illustrated by Mackey

**"WOULDN'T I  
BE SILLY TO  
MAKE IT MYSELF?"**

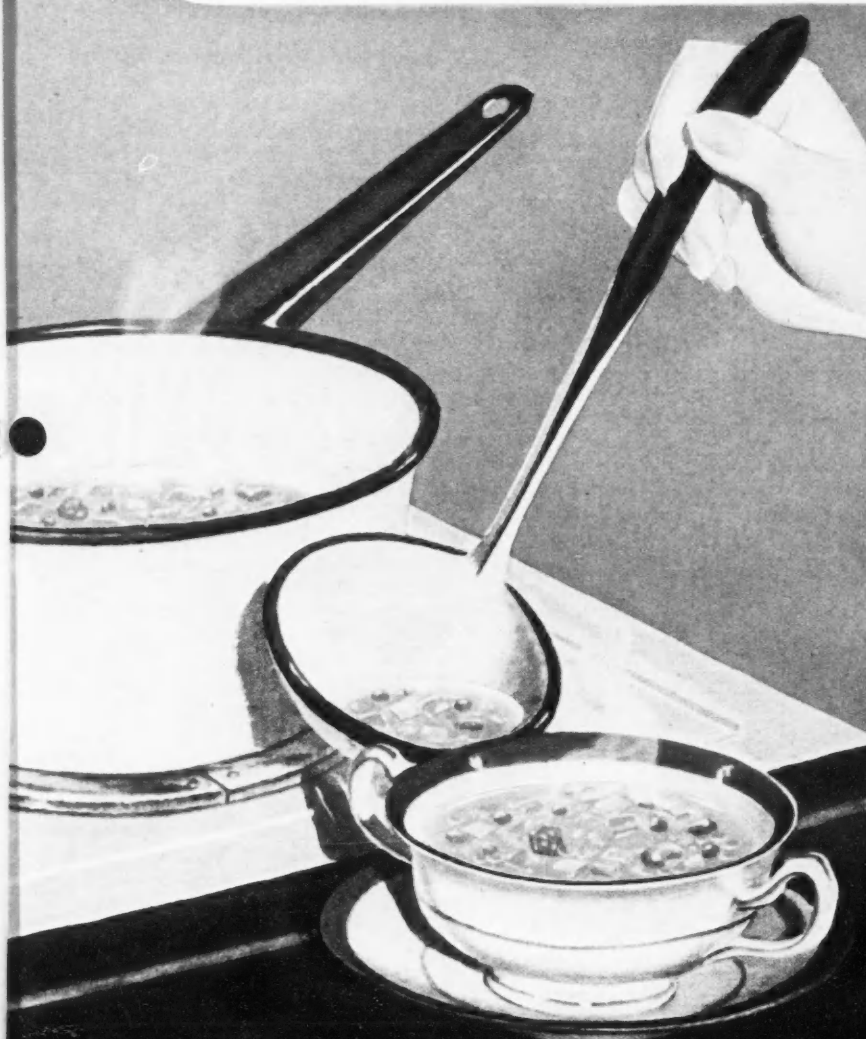
**"Go to all that bother . . . when Campbell's is so  
homey and nourishing? Not me!"**

"When I was a little girl I remember we always made our own vegetable soup. Mother used to devote just hours to it. But one day when she was rushed, she tried Campbell's Vegetable Soup. My dad's not so easy to please, but he ate a bowlful, and then another. Since then Mother has served Campbell's . . . and Dad's been as pleased as a kid!

"I'm married now myself and — well, we young-marrieds all feel that same way. I mean why bother to make vegetable soup when Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so wonderful—a grand-tasting beef stock and all those fifteen garden vegetables. Why, every time I serve it my husband says: 'Gosh, darling, this is really swell!' And what better music can a wife hear than that? Now I ask you!"

## ***Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP**

*Made by Campbell's in Canada*



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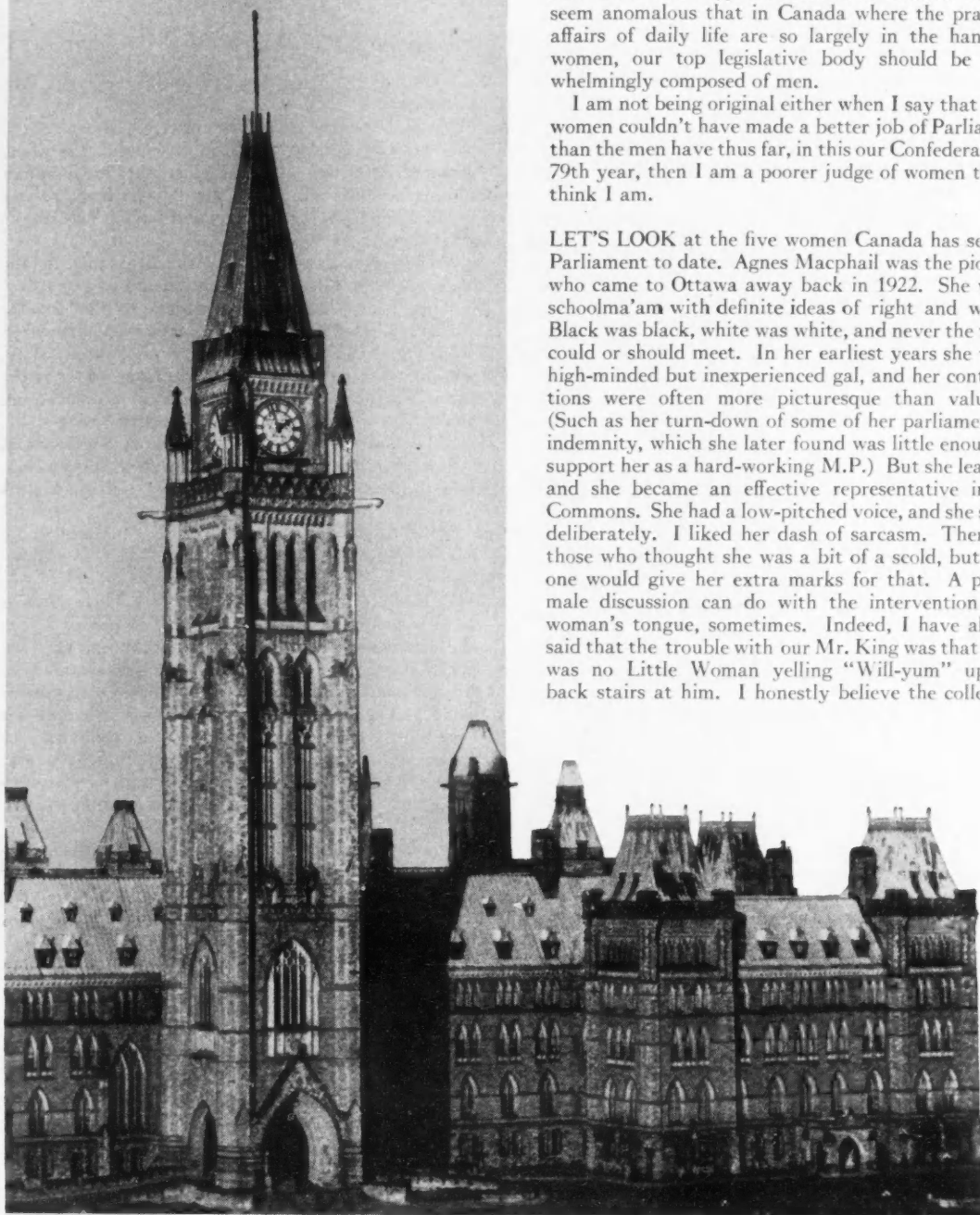


I'm sorry for my dolly,  
She's as hungry as can be;  
Inside of her is sawdust—  
But good soup's inside of me



# I Miss the Women

by AUSTIN CROSS



**What Parliament needs is more women, says this veteran Press Gallery correspondent, who has known all five of our lady M.P.'s and believes they made a great contribution**

**W**HAT Canada's Parliament needs most is more women. As a word-scarred veteran of five parliaments, and a case-hardened male in the Press Gallery, I feel that the girls could do things to our House of Commons. I have known all the women M.P.'s from Agnes Macphail to Gladys Strum, and I think every one has made a great contribution to our Government. I likewise feel that we are the poorer for their passing.

This Commons is more or less a bachelor hall, and, as every woman knows, there is something wrong with all bachelors. Any man who has been married and who has lived alone while his wife is away, knows how quickly a pleasant home becomes just a house. I think a few more women could do things to this House, too, and while not exactly making it a home, could yet contribute as only women can, to anything they touch. The present setup is inadequate, dull, and wrong.

Hard-boiled statisticians will tell you that the purchasing power of this continent—certainly of the English-speaking world north of the Rio Grande—is now more than 70% in the hands of women. It does seem anomalous that in Canada where the practical affairs of daily life are so largely in the hands of women, our top legislative body should be overwhelmingly composed of men.

I am not being original either when I say that if the women couldn't have made a better job of Parliament than the men have thus far, in this our Confederation's 79th year, then I am a poorer judge of women than I think I am.

**LET'S LOOK** at the five women Canada has sent to Parliament to date. Agnes Macphail was the pioneer, who came to Ottawa away back in 1922. She was a schoolma'am with definite ideas of right and wrong. Black was black, white was white, and never the twain could or should meet. In her earliest years she was a high-minded but inexperienced gal, and her contributions were often more picturesque than valuable. (Such as her turn-down of some of her parliamentary indemnity, which she later found was little enough to support her as a hard-working M.P.) But she learned, and she became an effective representative in the Commons. She had a low-pitched voice, and she spoke deliberately. I liked her dash of sarcasm. There are those who thought she was a bit of a scold, but I for one would give her extra marks for that. A purely male discussion can do with the intervention of a woman's tongue, sometimes. Indeed, I have always said that the trouble with our Mr. King was that there was no Little Woman yelling "Will-yum" up the back stairs at him. I honestly believe the collective

menfolk of the Commons were the better for Aggie's homilies, or whatever you want to call them.

One of the best stories of the Macphail epoch concerns Mr. King, too. It seems that Miss Macphail had boarded a ship for Britain, holiday-bound, when a Sense of Duty called her back to Ottawa where the Prime Minister's hold on Parliament (it was in 1926) had worn as thin as the seat of Mr. MacGregor's pants, which, as everybody knows, you could read the Word of God through. Bag and baggage she landed back at the Chelsea Club, then phoned for Mr. King. The P. M. lost no time getting down to that Ladies Only club. It was midnight, hardly an hour to go calling, and just as he arrived, the lights in the parlor went off. They sat in a Hydro blackout while they discussed the political situation, and only when they said good night did they come to sufficiently to realize the unconventionality of the situation and to laugh heartily. Very, very few ladies can write in their memoirs that they have been alone in the dark at midnight with Bachelor King.

Agnes Macphail, when she came to Ottawa, started off dressing to type. She was the Flesherton schoolma'am. With hair to match. But later on she wasn't above looking in on the French Room, and her coiffure changed and smartened to suit.

She made a notable contribution to Parliament, worked for Canada and for her sex. But catty women could not forgive her for being "an old maid," and never rallied behind her as they should. This first and only spinster in Parliament has been gone for six years now, but I can't help feeling that the House of Commons would have been a better place, all along, had we had Aggie Macphail there.

**CERTAINLY ONE** of the most charming women to enter the House was Mrs. Martha Louise Black, replacing her husband as Member for the Yukon. She was not young, even 10 years ago, because like the



The trouble with our Mr. King is that there's no Little Woman yelling "Will-yum" up the back stairs at him.

frank woman that she is, she gave her real age in the Parliamentary Guide, for all the world to see. She was born in 1866, and took her place in the Commons for the first time in 1936. It required courage to run an election and start a political career just when the Biblical lifespan fell due, but Mrs. Black had never been one to scare off easily. Her capacity to run a career had been shown many years before. She had become an authority on the flora and fauna of the Yukon, and her garden in Dawson City was something to remember. She was the originator of the craft known as artistic botany. She was on the Victorian Order of Nurses' Board, was a councillor and is a life member of the IODE. She has been a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society for a good many years.

She was also a sensible wife and the mother of sons, and when she entered the House, at the age of 70, she had come to know men, of all ages, pretty well. She gave the M.P.'s motherly little talks, and they liked it. Most of them felt like eating their porridge and wearing their rubbers after Mrs. Black had told them what was what. She was liked and respected, and nobody was

Continued on page 55



## A sweet dessert treat —that's sugarless!

### Lemony, Luscious Ice Box Cake Delicious Feather-light made with Magic

So delectably sweet, it'll melt in your mouth—and not a precious speck of sugar needed! That's Magic's tempting, tangy Lemon Ice Box Cake—happy ending to any meal.

To assure finest results in every baking recipe—always use Magic Baking Powder. Three generations of Canadian homemakers have relied on Magic for delicious flavor—fine texture in all baked dishes. Get Magic today.

#### LEMON ICE BOX CAKE

- |                               |                        |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2/3 c. shortening, melted     | 4 tsp.                 |
| 1 c. light corn syrup         | Magic Baking Powder    |
| 2 eggs                        | 1/2 tsp. salt          |
| 2 c. sifted all-purpose flour | 2/3 c. milk            |
|                               | 1 tsp. vanilla extract |

Combine shortening and corn syrup. Beat in eggs. Sift dry ingredients together; add alternately with milk and vanilla to first mixture stirring well after each addition. Bake in 2 greased 9" layer pans in 350°F. oven 25-30 min. Cool, halve each layer lengthwise making 4 layers.

**LEMON FILLING:** Blend 4 1/2 tbs. flour with 1/2 c. water to make smooth paste. Add 3/4 c. water and 1 1/2 c. corn syrup. Cook stirring constantly until thickened. Beat egg yolk; gradually add cooked mixture to it. Return to heat; cook 1 min. Stir in 1 tbs. lemon rind 3/4 c. juice. Spread between layers and on top of cake. Chill.

**ICING:** Combine 2 egg whites, 1/2 c. corn syrup in top of double boiler, place over rapidly boiling water and beat with rotary beater for 7 min. or until mixture peaks. Remove; add 1/4 tsp. lemon extract and frost cake.

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Swift's Premium Bacon  
in this sandwich!"*



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Tune in The Breakfast Club every morning. See your local paper for times and stations.

## For Sale, Princess

Continued from page 9

Ware, who lived alone with her mother in a cream-colored Victorian house half a mile up the shore from the club.

They sat facing each other on cushions in the bottom of the canoe, leaning back on wicker rests propped against the hardwood braces. The moon's highway shifted with them, floating as they floated, turning Marcy's corn-colored hair almost to platinum blond and yet making her blue eyes seem quite dark. They were in a hollow sphere of brilliance. Overhead, stars; all around, stars; underneath in reflection, stars. It took your breath away.

"Nice night," Marcy said.

"Umm," said Nick.

Nick was very dark, with hair thick on the back of his neck so that he looked as if he needed a haircut even when he had just had a haircut. He wore a sweatshirt washed so often that the sleeves were shrunk halfway up his forearms, and a pair of white pants similarly abbreviated for a similar reason.

"It's not much like the night we met," observed Marcy. "Remember? The snow was a foot deep and still coming down. You had to drive me home from the Archers' house. Were you disgusted?"

"Why not? I got a flat, and the car kept rolling off the bumper jack, and all you could say was, 'I'm cold.'"

"I was."

"And very helpful of you," nodded Nick.

"I held the flashlight, didn't I?"

"After a fashion."

"What did you want me to do, change the tire?"

"Why not? You were taking that course in mechanics and getting your lily hands all tarred up with grease."

"I don't change tires," said Marcy, "on anything less than a five-ton job."

"Out with a truck driver," sighed Nick. "That's romance for you. If you'll permit the silly word."

Marcy moved enough to get cigarettes from the pocket of her short white skirt. Her legs were slim and beautiful, ivory in the silver light. She offered the pack to Nick, who shook his rough dark head. The muscles of his throat slid with the move. It was a good solid throat and under it was a good solid chest. Nothing extraordinary, though. Fear showed for an instant in Marcy's eyes as she thought of a throat like a building column and a torso like the bole of a big tree.

"You used to smoke, didn't you?" she said to Nick, taking a cigarette herself and putting the pack away.

"Sure," said Nick. "I quit right after that night, when I first noticed you as Marcy Ware instead of the fluff-headed little Ware pest."

"Ware pest! My only memory of you before you went off to school is of a

skinny lug who thought it was fun to put snow down girls' necks. What did noticing me have to do with your quitting smoking?"

"One look at the sad state of your pan would turn anyone from dissipation. Horrible example. I may take it up again after tonight, though." Nick tossed matches to her.

"Aren't you going to light me?"

"You crippled?" he said lazily.

Marcy wrinkled her nose at him. It was a small nose, because she was a small girl, and it was pert, which was also in character. Till she was 14, older folks had said ecstatically that she looked just like a little golden-haired doll. Now she was 20 and older folks said ecstatically that she looked just like a little golden-haired doll.

Nick said she looked like an understudy for the third from the left in the chorus, and called her Corncake.

"Why might you start smoking again after tonight?" she demanded. "What's tonight got to do with it?"

"Moon, June, you'n," said Nick throatily.

"Kiss, bliss, Miss. After such a night, with such a girl, I wouldn't care what happened to me. Within reason. I might even start staying up after 10 o'clock."

"You don't make sense," complained Marcy. "Why don't you wear socks? Your ankles are revolting."

"Why don't you wear ankles? Your socks are hideous."

"You'll have to dress better when you're a professor."

"You'll have to show a little respect for me when you're a professor's wife."

MARCY CLOSED her eyes for a moment as, casually and without pre-

amble, it was suggested that her whole life be changed. The light revealed by silhouette the lovely delicacy of her cheekbones and made her lashes seem absurdly long and thick. Hard to say whether it was a drop of moisture entangled in the lashes that caught the moon, or just the soft sheen of her eyelid.

"This is the first I knew . . . that I might be a professor's wife." There was a note in Marcy's voice like those in the music coming to them from the club terrace.

"Why not?" said Nick. "I don't think you deserve anything better."

"What a lousy life," said Marcy unsteadily.

Under a moon which had witnessed every kind of proposal and acceptance including the rubbing of noses, Nick and Marcy kissed; and they had kissed before, but never quite like this.

"You're not as repulsive as strangers might think," Nick said, after their lips had clung for a period that would have been respected in any age.

"Wish I could say the same of you," murmured Marcy, with an expression in her eyes reminding you of that in Aunt Sarah's eyes when she looked at Uncle

## THE HOMECOMING

By ISA GRINDLAY JACKSON

Welcome, my warrior,  
Home from the field.  
Lay down forever  
The sword and the shield.  
Peace now enfolds us —  
Never again  
Shall earth re-echo  
Marching of men.

Build up the hearth fires  
All through the world.  
War drums are silenced,  
War banners furled.  
No trade or barter  
Shall prosper on guns.  
War shall not orphan  
Sons of our sons.

Tell me, my warrior,  
Is it a dream?  
Hope briefly passing  
Shedding a gleam?  
Comrades now sleeping —  
Will these be betrayed?  
Nay, do not tell me —  
I am afraid.



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## Peace Between Friends

Continued from page 15

on the Civic Club talk, but her real purpose in being here after a hot and busy summer was to relax and enjoy herself, and now she set about, with Ginny's resourceful co-operation, to do just that. Ginny was one of the pillars of the town, mother of three half-grown children, happy well-adjusted wife, a thin black-eyed little woman who ran the white Dutch colonial house on Oakwood Parkway with one hand, ran a majority of the town's activities with the other, and still had time to clap up a well-rounded social schedule for her guest. "You can count on a busy time, Tessie," she said with emphatic enthusiasm. "This town is social with a vengeance, and you've come just at the big lusty start of the season. Look—lunch and bridge tomorrow with the bridge gang, barbecue at the Country Club on Thursday, dinner at the Daltons on Friday, and so on, not to mention the invitations I turned down knowing you'd want to loaf around with your own private thoughts once in a while."

"It sounds wonderful," said Tess. "I love your town already." She couldn't help smiling as she added: "And Daniel Conniston?"

"Sister," said Ginny grimly, "you'll see plenty of Daniel Conniston. You'll have all the chance you want to insult him back about men speakers or do anything else to him you take a fancy to doing. He'll probably be thrown at you everywhere you go, for the simple reason that a single (or even temporarily single) man is hard to find these days, and he's about the only one in this town right now." She added: "But you won't find him so bad after you get to know him. He's really a peach of a fellow, even considering that ornery streak. Smart, and fun, and kind-hearted as your best brother when you get past his bark. You won't mind him."

"Why, I know I won't," said Tess with simple candor.

She had, of course, heard all about Daniel Conniston by now. His wife was still in the East — one of the Government's dollar-a-year women. Before that she had been the town's most successful lawyer. She got home for short stays now and then, but otherwise Mr. Conniston lived alone in their big sprawling sandstone house overlooking the river, and was lonely, and that explained everything, his bitterness on the subject of women with careers, his extremist views about home-making. His mother, on the other hand, was a farm woman who lived 50 miles or so west of town, a simple capable-seeming old woman who visited the Connistons occasionally, a nice motherly old person who must have baked many a delicious pie in her day, and hung a good many curtains, and raised her family with all the traditional, whole-souled disregard of a woman's own separate destiny. Hearing her described, Tess could understand why Daniel Conniston should feel as he did about her. But at the same time there was certainly no sense to the violence of his attitude toward anyone different, toward women who had jobs, who were doing important things that men could do no better and in many cases couldn't do as well. If she met him again, she would assuredly try to make him see that.

She did meet him again. It was at

## Rheumatic fever can

be beaten!



Though it tries

to harm the hearts of growing

boys



and girls, serious

damage may be avoided if the

disease is recognized in time. Put

your child to bed



if he

has persistent low fever, pain

in joints or muscles, or contin-

ued loss of weight and appetite.



Then have your phy-

sician examine him!



### If the disease attacks your child...

... make sure the doctor's orders are followed. He should stay under a doctor's care until all signs—including laboratory tests—show that no vestige of the attack remains.

Unfortunately, rheumatic fever may recur. After convalescence, therefore, be specially careful to guard your child against wet feet and chills.

Try to avoid exposing him to people with "sore throats" and colds. For recurrence may be brought on by these and other mild illnesses, such as grippé and certain respiratory infections.

Sometimes rheumatic heart disease may be present although there has been no previous record of a rheumatic fever attack.

The only way to discover this

condition — and to prevent serious heart damage — is by periodic physical examination.

Rheumatic fever, itself, causes more fatalities among school-age children than any other disease. The way to combat this tragic toll is to maintain youngsters in the best possible condition by proper diet, rest, healthy exercise, and regular medical supervision.

To learn more about combating the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Rheumatic Fever." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 26L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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To make this delicious southern-style appetizer just dissolve 1 heaping tablespoon of sugar in 1/2 cup of water and boil for 2 minutes, then add 1 drop of essence of peppermint. After cooling, add juice of 1 lemon and 1 cup of E. D. SMITH'S Pure Grape Juice. Chill and serve in cocktail glasses as dinner cordial or breakfast appetizer. —(Serves 5.)—

And there are many other ways to serve this healthful fruit juice... with ginger ale... with other fruit juices... as a "mixer." Many other occasions, too—for bridge parties and whenever you entertain.

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**E.D. SMITH'S PURE GRAPE JUICE**

*Here's healthful goodness*

**... Full-Strength Flavor**

When it's E. D. SMITH'S Grape Juice you can be sure of an extra fullness of flavor. That's because it is pressed and bottled full-strength in the heart of Niagara's famous vineyards. Only the finest juicy-ripe Concord grapes are used and E. D. Smith's exacting quality standards protect every step of the processing.

No wonder E. D. SMITH'S pure grape juice dilutes so deliciously and economically... no wonder it fills such an important winter nutrition need. Rich in energy calories and other food values, it is an ideal fruit-juice tonic drink. This season's pack will soon be on your grocer's shelves.

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George. Then the look changed and the fear crept in again.

"I hear Norton is back," she said.

"Yeah," said Nick. "I saw him this afternoon."

"You—saw him?"

"Umm. Down the street. He didn't see me."

"Nick," said Marcy.

"What, Corncake?"

Marcy dropped the end of her cigarette in the water.

"Nothing," she said miserably.

"Norton's been away for quite a while, hasn't he?" Nick observed.

"About five months," said Marcy. She looked at Nick's face, afraid of what she might see there and yet impelled against her will to look.

"He's quite a chunk of a lad," mused Nick.

Marcy's worried glance went to his face again, and learned nothing.

"I've never told you about Nort and me," she said in a low tone.

"Don't have to," Nick retorted comfortably. "Okenosh isn't so big. All our histories are public property. You were engaged to Nort, and you gave him the gong. He didn't like it."

"You knew that since then I hadn't... gone out much... till you started dating me?"

"Sure," said Nick.

"Norton sort of discouraged it. But he can't go on forever like Gargantua with a toothache. Probably he's all right now, after being away for a while."

Marcy lay silent while the moonlight did things to her face and throat. She whispered finally, "Nick, I haven't told you. And I should have. Nort is here tonight. I saw him go along the terrace and into the lounge when we'd got about a hundred yards out in the canoe."

"I saw him too," Nick said.

That was all. But into the blue depths of Marcy's eyes, as clear with health as aquamarines, a few stars seemed to glide from the surrounding surplus. Nick slid languidly into the seat and dipped his paddle in liquid ebony.

"Let's shove back to the landing. We'll take Uncle George and Aunt Sarah home, and then go for a ride, huh? I can endure a little more of you if I keep my eyes closed."

Marcy looked inshore at the terrace, down which she had seen Norton Lyman move with his padding, quick walk to the lounge. She looked at the golden oblong which was the lounge door, and through which one could see the landing stage quite plainly.

"Why don't we just go on along the shore to our house?" she suggested quickly. "We can have sandwiches and cokes. We can call the club from there and have your folks drive over and meet us."

Nick drove the canoe toward the clubhouse landing in a long slow sweep.

"We could just move out of Okenosh too," he said. "But I like the place."

You could have read the papers in the silver night, and from a long way off Nick and Marcy saw Nick's Aunt Sarah and Uncle George on one of the terrace benches. And from almost as long a way off Nick and Marcy saw the lounge door blot out with a large bulk coming through, and then lighten again as the bulk moved toward the pier.

They saw Uncle George and Aunt Sarah get up, and saw George Murdoch put his hand on Sarah's arm as she started impulsively toward the landing.

"See for miles on a night like this," said Nick, sending the canoe steadily toward the pier.

"Yes," said Marcy. Her throat quivered. She stared at the oversized shape strolling easily toward the broad blunt pier. "Nick..."

"Right here," Nick said.

"You told me once the thing you wanted most was to get on the staff of Wellbridge U. Mr. Lyman, Nort's father, has much to say about the Wellbridge faculty, I've heard."

"I've heard that too," said Nick.

"Small world, huh?"

"Nick... be careful."

"I'm a very cautious guy," Nick said.

"Peaceful too."

The canoe scraped softly against the landing. Nick held it steady while Marcy stepped out. Marcy's legs were trembling. She couldn't quite jerk her arm away before Norton Lyman caught it.

"Let me help you up," he said solicitously.

Norton Lyman had the kind of build you see about once in every five years. He tapered far up from a flat hard waist to a shoulder spread that belonged in the professional weight-lifting class. Over this

brawn was a good-looking dominant face crowned with ridges of hair that, come wind or water, stayed in place as if cut out of bronze. He was the catch of Okenosh. He had not been alone in his utter incredulity when Marcella Ware handed his ring back to him; half the town thought she was nuts.

With an easy crook of his arm Nort lifted Marcy almost bodily onto the pier. And then it began to be apparent that a great many people knew that he was back in town, that he intended coming to the club this evening, and that Marcy was out on the lake tonight with Nick.

Canoes coasted slowly toward the dock, hovering some yards out while the couples in them stared. Ten or a dozen of the young set appeared at the land end of the pier, gathering as if from nowhere. Marcy looked at them and then looked up at Norton's easily smiling face. Nort knew all about the audience and loved it. He squared his great shoulders a little more. Nick was pulling the canoe toward shore, hand over hand along the edge of the dock. He beached it and stepped out.

"Did you have to come here?" Marcy demanded of Nort in a tone low

+ Continued on Inside Back Cover

## MINIATURE

By JOHN E. DONOVAN

Brown is her hair, and beautiful and bright —

Allure of Woman lingers on her lips. Attracting, as the moth to the light, The world of men. Her sparkling laughter slips

Relentlessly, beneath the sternest guard.

Inside the heart, secure, it echoes then,

Calling the heart its slave—ah, but it's hard

Ever to close the heart to it again.

Oh, luring lady, full of wanton tricks —

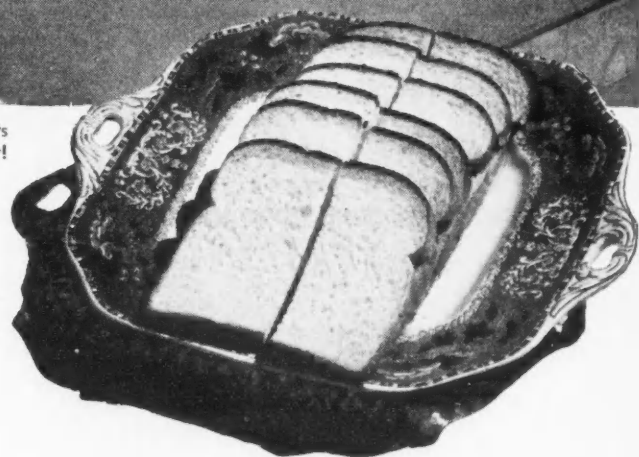
How could you learn them all? And you but six?



Lovely Pink Camilla china made by Spode sets this pretty lunch table—with bread in the center!

# Bread ON THE TABLE

## ...THE MEAL IS READY!



IT'S the "finishing touch" when you put the neat slices of fine quality baker's bread on your table... the sign your meal is ready!

And your family like this golden-crust bread Canada's bakers are making for them. It's good... light in texture, tasty, hearty. Each slice is a slice of lasting food energy—the best and cheapest source of food energy

you can buy. Your baker's bread is an important source of protein, too—needed for tissue repair and muscle building.

Serve baker's bread with *every* meal. There are many ways to vary it. Use it just sliced, as toast, cubed in soups, as a "fill-in" with leftovers.

Remember—the meal isn't ready until *the bread* goes on the table!



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Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. Eat plenty of baker's bread—at least 3 slices every meal.



LOUISE ALLBRITTON, APPEARING IN "TANGIER," A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



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dinner at the Daltons on Friday, a strictly dress-up, flowers-and-candle-light affair at which, true to Ginny's predictions, she was placed next to him. She had looked forward to the occasion and had put on her favorite dinner dress, a pansy-blue moiré that gave her eyes the same dark vivid coloring and made her rather boyishly short curly hair especially shiny and auburn. Tess admitted freely to herself that she was attracted to Daniel Conniston, but there was not a trace of the predatory female in her, and certainly her only thought was that they would have some interesting verbal sparring and that, if she was clever about it, she would get in a few licks for feminism along the way. The fact that her sense of incomplete composure was not momentary this time but sustained, that Daniel Conniston's aggressive masculinity disturbed her now beyond the point where she could quite laugh it off, was not something that she considered as a future complication. Tonight, she told herself, she would enjoy the situation of being physically magnetized by this big blond man in the faultlessly tailored dinner clothes. Tomorrow she would get back on the old basis, return to being Tess Bennett who had a satisfying worth-while job, a comfortable apartment, a life that was stimulating and that she enjoyed thoroughly.

THE UNEXPECTED thing was that Daniel Conniston seemed to feel something of the same thing toward her. He was different tonight; not argumentative and extravagantly derogatory, but attentive and rather thoughtfully aware of her. When he smiled, there was that superabundance of charm again, but it was warmer, more from inside him. Tess almost decided that his remarks of the other day had been just a phase, the result of a bad night's rest or the wrong headlines in the morning paper. There was certainly no disgruntlement now.

After dinner he accosted their hostess in the drawing-room. "Look, Susie, I'm going to show Miss Bennett your new crop of Dalmatians." Bill Dalton was getting out record albums and Tess had been looking forward to hearing some of her favorite music, and yet she couldn't manage to feel disappointed at the prospect of inspecting puppies with Daniel Conniston instead. They went out on the terrace and down through the garden to the garage. It was a starlit evening in the middle of October, and though he had got her coat to slip over her bare shoulders, it hadn't been necessary, for the night was mild and still.

The crop of puppies turned out to be a going industry. One room in the garage had been converted into a streamlined kennel, with double-tiered rows of private sleeping quarters for the adult dogs and a big wire-netted playground sort of affair for the fat spotted youngsters. Tess was prepared to be touched at the sight of this big tough man putting out a gentle hand to the wet black little noses that came poking inquisitively through the netting—but as it turned out, she wasn't given the opportunity. "Good-looking bunch, aren't they?" was all he said. Then he got some water and added the not more than half a cup needed to make the puppies' drinking basin brimming full (which he couldn't of course see was an

even more touching thing to do), and they started back toward the house.

"Shall we have a cigarette before we go in," he suggested, "or not?"

"Yes, let's," said Tess.

She sat down on the stone bench under a large maple tree. The first scattering of autumn leaves were on the ground, and in the air was the winy autumn smell that comes when leaves are falling and burning out their brilliant colors. Daniel Conniston sat down too, and brought forth cigarettes. They smoked in silence, till Tess turned to him abruptly and said: "Mr. Conniston, you're different from what you were the other day. You made some very extreme statements that day. But you didn't really mean them, did you?"

"Yes, I did mean them," he said at once emphatically. "Those words were heart from my heart and blood from my blood, Miss Bennett. I never meant anything more in all my life, and I'm a plain-speaking, mean-what-I-say man at all times." There was no nonsense in his voice. For a moment Tess thought she was in for another free lecture. Then he turned and looked at her and added in a different tone, almost softly: "What's more, I think you feel the same way, Miss Bennett, if you'd just admit it. You're a woman. If you were a slat-figured female with no sex appeal, I'd say maybe not. But the eye can't be mistaken. Come the right man, I think you'd give up this noisy nonsensical independence of yours and be content to be just a wife, a mother . . . Lord," he added candidly, "and what a mother you'd make. The handsome babies you'd have."

Tess sat casually still, although she had a violent desire to get up and walk a little distance away, to put some space between them. She answered him rather sharply, throwing a great deal of reckless force into what she said, matching his extremeness with an extremeness of her own, taking almost a pleasure in making herself seem cold-blooded and callous. She said: "I wouldn't have children, even granted I did get married. I'd think a long time before I took on any of it, but if I did, the pies would come from the bakeshop, Mr. Conniston, and a well-trained maid would dust all the sweet little tables and chairs, and as for the children, no, thank you, there would be no children to narrow down my life."

Daniel Conniston bent toward her as if he would see her better. He shook his head, still speaking softly. "Are you a woman, Miss Bennett?"

She was woman enough so that if he had touched her hand just then she would have pulled it back in a reflexive jerk that no conscious thought could have controlled. She was woman enough so that she had to bring all her will to the task of keeping her expression composed and detached. The music of De Falla's Fire Dance was coming through the terrace windows, and there was too much of a hot jungle-like beat in the rhythm of it for her tonight. Daniel Conniston was offering her another cigarette. She said, "No more, thanks," and stood up abruptly.

He stood up too. "See here, Miss Bennett," he said. "You're going to be around town for a while. It's not every day we have a personage like you in these parts. I'd like to see more of you. What about having dinner with me

✦ Continued on page 24

Rainbow Productions, Inc. presents

# BING CROSBY ★ INGRID BERGMAN

in LEO McCAREY'S

## *The Bells of St. Mary's*

with

HENRY TRAVERS WILLIAM GARGAN

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

Screen Play by Dudley Nichols • Story by Leo McCarey



BING  
*at his Best!*  
BERGMAN  
*as you desire her!*

*Together*  
*in the Happiest*  
*Heartiest Hit*  
*of the years!*

directed in all its human  
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who gave you "Going My Way"

—AND WHEN BING AND BERGMAN SING...  
THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN TUNE!



Released thru RKO Radio Pictures





# Lohengrin in the Air

*Oh, the magic of it! He holds your hand...satin-soft, satin-smooth to his touch...and your heart hears the words that mean forever. Ah, yes, hands like these for you...with Hinds.*



## Softer Hands in 30 seconds

**IN A NATION-WIDE TEST, LANOLINE-ENRICHED HINDS GAVE A FEELING OF SMOOTHNESS TO ROUGH HANDS IN 95% OF CASES**

HUNDREDS of women everywhere have been praising the effectiveness of Hinds. "There is so much to say in favour of Hinds...its creamy texture...its delightful fragrance...the way it's absorbed by my skin without sticky after-effects and the fact that in about 30 seconds my hands felt so nice and

smooth!" That's what Mrs. W. A. Thompson, 352 Toronto St., Winnipeg, Man., said. "My skin is particularly dry, but after using lanoline-enriched Hinds my hands were so nice and soft...why it's amazing! That's why I say Hinds is the best lotion I have ever used!" said Mrs. D. Harris, 1121 Pelissier Street, Windsor, Ontario.



**Make this sensational 30-second test yourself...**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Make the test on your own hands. If you aren't 100% satisfied, return the bottle to your dealer and get YOUR MONEY BACK! That's how sure we are that you'll say Hinds is the grandest lotion you've ever used!

# Hinds for Hands

HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

some night soon—tomorrow night, say?"

"What about your wife?" said Tess in a light tone. "Does she like you to take unattached women to dinner in her absence?"

Actually Daniel Conniston didn't answer for a moment. She remembered that afterward. It was as if he had one answer ready and that then he changed his mind. He ended by saying: "Now, now, Miss Bennett. A modern woman like you doesn't consider such things."

"Oh, yes. I don't want to get shot some dark night."

"There wouldn't be any shooting. My wife doesn't even own a gun."

They were laughing as they walked toward the house. There were other things said, all with an accent on levity, and she didn't give him a definite answer. But she knew she wasn't going to have dinner with him. It was time to call a halt, out of simple consideration for herself. The thing had gone far enough.

HE PHONED her the next day, and she told him no, and they sparred a bit in a way that was very easy for two people of their nature to do, and then hung up. She saw him now and then in the week that followed, at parties, in the social whirl that her friend Ginny had competently stirred up for her, and everything was all right, she put on a good act, calling him Daniel as everybody did, hearing him call her Tess and not letting anyone see that it knocked her a little off balance each time he did it. Everything was perfect in public; it was when she was alone that she fell to pieces a bit and looked less like Ginny Crowell's gay clever friend than like any woman with troubles that her brain couldn't reason out of existence. She had an argument that she used rather consistently on herself, and there was so much logic in it that she was surprised it did so little good. After all, Daniel Conniston was, comparatively speaking, only an ordinary man. She could think of men she'd met who topped him in accomplishment, in learning, certainly in broad-mindedness, even in appearance, if that meant anything very much. Why should he be the one to do these things to her? It wasn't reasonable. It wasn't sense.

Then she'd be at another party, and whether the party was good or not depended on whether he was there or not. Or she'd be downtown, never running into him, but seeing him at a distance in almost every tall man, positive evidence that she hadn't accomplished anything with her logic.

Toward the end of the second week, entirely by accident (though she had been thinking about him at just that moment when she passed his big department store) she did run into him. He said: "Hello, there! I'm on my way to lunch. Come and keep me company."

"All right!" she said on the spur of the moment, not giving her mind time to veto this completely casual chance to be with him. Anyway, she was going away soon...it couldn't do much harm.

They ate at one of the big popular restaurants of the town, beside an oval window looking out to the street and also in full view of the crowds inside, which was exactly as she would have chosen it, for if there was anything she couldn't have stood, it was the sense of there being something clandestine in their meeting.

"This is nice," said Daniel Conniston. "This is the sort of thing I've had in mind all along. Now, why did I have to wait and catch you unawares before you'd be sociable? Is it so hard to take?"

"On the contrary, it's very easy to take," she smiled.

Daniel Conniston returned her smile. "All right then. And that reminds me. I heard you talking music the other night. I gather you like the stuff. Which being the case, why don't you come up to dinner some night and have a musical evening with me? My collection of records tops anything in town, and my phonograph is a specially built job that Toscanini himself would trade his string section off for any day. I designed it myself."

Tess shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked her.

"Because," she said, "there wouldn't be any pie for dinner like the kind your mother used to make."

"You laugh at me about my mother," he said good-naturedly. "All right, Tess, laugh away—but I still stand by my guns. You know—" A thoughtful look came into his blue eyes, and that strong sense of their nearness to each other, of singing threads of current riding the spaces between them, seemed to recede momentarily. He said: "I had a fine childhood. You know, I was a farm boy, Tess. Nothing easy about the life; we all had to dig hard to keep going; there was plenty of bad luck and trouble and sorrow; and still I always think of my mother there at the core of our family, someone big-souled and warm-hearted and courageous who had the right word when it was needed, and a pat on the shoulder, and plenty of good hearty laughter; and when I look back, the main thing I remember is her and hardly any of the trouble." He glanced around the room with an expression of reminiscent amusement, then turned to Tess again. "Do you know what one of my pleasantest recollections is? Coming home from school in the village on a below-zero January day and having the heat of a wood fire hit me in the face when I stepped in the kitchen, and smelling beans baking in the oven, and hearing my mother call out from the pantry, 'That you, Daniel?'..."

Tess nodded. She could almost see him trudging homeward through the snow, his shoulders hunched against the cold, his mackinaw collar up around his frost-nipped ears, a solitary young figure in the middle of a vast grey winter landscape. Darn his wife, she thought suddenly, fiercely, and wondered at once why she had thought it, for certainly she didn't blame Mrs. Conniston for utilizing the full measure of her abilities in a Government job, and certainly a man in Daniel Conniston's situation didn't need or even ask for the pity that she seemed to have such an abundant supply of all of a sudden. It's that I'm falling in love with him, she thought—that's the trouble. It's that whatever he feels, whatever small-est thing he's unhappy about, is part of me from now on, and won't stop being part of me no matter how soon I go or where I go...

"But to get back to the subject," Daniel Conniston was saying, "you're going to let me entertain you, aren't you, Tess?"

"No," said Tess, with the same amiable smile as before.

✦ Continued on page 31



# It's Nylon

by Evelyn Kelly

**S**TRAIGHT from the magic test tube comes this incredibly beautiful new fabric. It's nylon marquisette, and you see it here daringly and masterfully manipulated by the Canadian designer, Alfordri, in a dream frock inspired by Noel Coward's nostalgic play, *Bittersweet*. A gown of the romantic yesterdays brought up to date in a creation that uses an exquisite wonder fabric of tomorrow!

It's the camisole bodice dress reminiscent of the 1920's . . . its top shirred in delicate cordings, supported by slender straps . . . the tiny handspan waist enhanced by the full, full waltzing skirt with a knee-deep flounce.

Filmy and elusive in effect, this new Canadian-made fabric has amazing strength and important crease-resisting virtues. The colors belong definitely to this first full year of Peace—in this case a vibrant harmony of deep reddish rust on paling rusty peach. Something to cherish "whenever spring breaks through again!"

In co-operation with Chatelaine: Gown from the St. Regis Room, Simpson's, Toronto; fabric by Bruck.





# ROMANCE

*in the hollow of Your Hands...*



**LOVELY HANDS . . .** they tug at heart-strings with all the sweet and stirring power of grace and tender beauty. And they can be yours . . . so easily. Yours to enchant with. Yours to weave magic with. This exciting new *twin* treatment by Helena Rubinstein will give your hands *all* the care they need to be soft and white and silken-smooth . . . always. A quick-acting lotion for day. An effective whitening cream for night.

**HAND LOTION**—*for day.* Blush-pink and delicately fragrant with a smooth, luxurious touch. Use after washing and before going out. 1.25

**HERBAL HAND CREAM**—*for night.* Massage and manipulate this rich treatment cream well into hands. It beautifies while you sleep. 1.25

**NAIL GROOM**—Long-lasting, lustrous nail enamel in six lovely shades. .85

**OILY NAIL POLISH REMOVER**—Removes polish quickly, completely, without drying the nails. .45



## Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET W: TORONTO

## FALSE TEETH WEARERS



### HOW YOU CAN AVOID THE DANGER OF DENTURE BREATH

**Three on a match?** No, it isn't your blowing out the match he objects to. It's your... Denture Breath. Avoid offending. Don't brush with cleansers that scratch plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

**SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY**

**It's Easy! It's Quick!**  
Play safe!... Soak denture in Polident 15 minutes or overnight... rinse... and use. A daily Polident both gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate clean and odor-free.

**NO BRUSHING**

**What's more...** brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges on your plate. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate may loosen. There's no brushing—so no such danger with Polident—and soaking is so easy, so sure.



**Later—**Now here's two on a perfect match! No offensive Denture Breath. She's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge or dental plate, *play safe*. Use Polident daily to help maintain the original natural appearance of your denture. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 40¢, 75¢ sizes.

**Use  
POLIDENT  
Daily**  
**TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES  
CLEAN...AND ODOR-FREE!**

Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited  
172 John Street, Toronto 2, Canada

## First Fabric of the Future

**N**YLON is back from the war! Back from the four corners of the world, back from the European skies and the southern Pacific atolls comes the fabric of the future! It was nylon, you remember, that soared through the clouds in the form of parachutes, sailed the high seas in life-saving dinghies, brought comfortable sleeping hammocks to war-weary fighting men... filtered blood plasma... saved lives in surgical sutures.

Nylon has returned to civilian life, and, entering a happier service, now leads the parade of the breath-taking new fabrics of peacetime fashions.

The frocks sketched opposite, and the lovely flowing design on our opening Fashion page, have been created in one of the first of the Canadian-made all-nylon fabrics: a marquisette—soft, flattering and entirely feminine.

In nylon marquisette you'll find a fabric with more body than the marquisettes of yesterday. Nylon brings a new sheen and crispness to this filmy fabric, but without the stiffness of organdie. But in contradiction to its very delicate air, nylon marquisette has great strength with a toughness and elasticity which resists wear and tear extremely well for its very light weight.

In a new and wonderful way, it takes dyes with clarity and precision of shadings. Completely new dye formulas are used, opening a new era in delicate and unusual color possibilities.

### What you'll discover about nylon marquisette—

(1) It's crease resisting, ideal for packing because wrinkles shake out readily. The dress we photographed travelled by car and plane, and remained in its tissue packings two days... but required no pressing!

(2) All-nylon marquisette may be laundered! All it asks is a mild, light suds. In drying, the garment should be wrapped in a terry towel for a moment or so, shaken out and hung up. It will dry very quickly. In ironing, it should be allowed to dry, and ironed with a mild iron. Wool temperature is satisfactory if iron is equipped with a gauge.

(3) With proper equipment, pleats can be permanently set in nylon. Imagine the joy ahead in fragile, pleated jabots, dickies and frou-frou for the famous plain little black dress or suit!

### Where you'll be seeing nylon—

In sheer woven fabrics, such as satins, twills and marquisettes. In lace, bathing suits, sewing thread, purses, gloves, AND shoes.

But, before these, the full-fashioned hosiery industry is first on the list for nylon yarns... praises be... with foundation garments and lingerie items running second.

Many of these good things (apart from hosiery) are still in the experimental stage. But even as we talk and write about nylon, chemists are bending over their intricate research instruments, and textile manufacturers are perfecting their looms to bring the knowledge and experience gained during the war to these high-style fabrics of the future.

*Exciting!*

**says Mrs. Charles Boyer  
—glamorous wife of the  
screen's greatest lover**

### MRS. CHARLES BOYER:

SMART MODERN MAKE-UP is a "must" for a wife who wants to hold the screen's leading lover. Your exciting new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are just what my lips were waiting for. And for super-excitement I choose that rich dark Tangee Red-Red.

### CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

YES, MRS. BOYER, my new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks really are going places... they're going on the smartest lips in America. You'll find, also, that these heavenly colors have a perfectly delightful habit of staying on for many extra hours. There's no run... no smear. Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish insures lips that are not too dry—not too moist... lips with a soft, satin-smooth radiance that works wonders for your charm... In Gay-Red, Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN  
Head of the House of Tangee  
and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be





## TRY PALMOLIVE'S 14-DAY BEAUTY PLAN

Doctors prove you can have lovelier skin—in just 14 days!

### HERE'S ALL YOU DO!



**W**ASH your face three times a day with Palmolive Soap and, *each time*, with a facecloth massage Palmolive's beautifying lather into your skin—for an *extra 60 seconds*. If your skin is extra-sensitive, use just your fingertips to massage in Palmolive's lovely soft lather. Then rinse well—first with warm water, followed by cool—and pat dry. That's all!

### Less Oily—Better Tone

"Palmolive Beauty Massage made my skin far less oily, improved its colour and tone—in just 14 days!" reports Laddie Dennis, Toronto Model and Actress. "Any girl looking for a natural loveliness should try the Palmolive Plan—I certainly recommend it."



### Finer Texture—Fewer Blemishes

Patricia McGuire, a high school student in St. John, N.B. reports: "Previous to using Palmolive I was bothered a great deal by enlarged pores and different blemishes. After just 14 days of Palmolive Beauty Massage, my skin is ever so much clearer, softer and smoother."



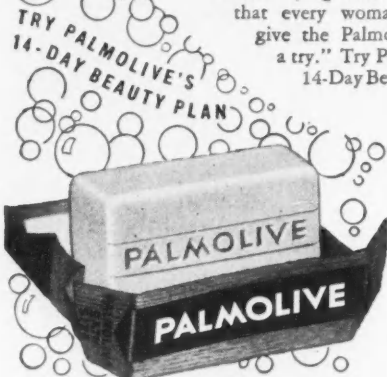
### Fresher Colour—Healthier Skin

"I found that the Palmolive Beauty Massage Test made my skin take on a much fresher and healthier look," reports Violet Foley of Montreal, Quebec. "I think that every woman should give the Palmolive Plan a try." Try Palmolive's 14-Day Beauty Plan!



### Less Dry—Less Flaky

Mrs. C. W. Charles, Vancouver, reports: "Most soaps made my skin dry and flaky. From my 14-day test I found that Palmolive did not make my skin become dry or flaky. I recommend Palmolive with confidence to everyone with a dry skin."



THRIFTY, GIANT BATH SIZE 9c  
REGULAR SIZE 6c

HEAR THE HAPPY GANG — CBC NETWORK — MON. thru FRI.

All-nylon marquisette makes these full-skirted evening gowns inspired by a romantic period in fashions of bygone days.



**H**ERE you see dramatized the frock worn by the girl who used to be presented at Court Balls. Note the drop shoulder, tiny waistline (frequently tied with velvet ribbons), the billowing, waltzing skirt, all true to the fashion highlights in the early Victorian era.



This is another adaptation of an early Victorian gown. The flattering neckline is softly ruffled, and the full skirt, with its deep hem-line flounce, accents the molded bodice and minute waist. Each dress has two filmy "underskirts," again in the manner of yesterday's fashion.

From the St. Regis Room, Simpson's, Toronto.

# Both mother and daughter are of Tampax age!



SOME families have a double opportunity to discover Tampax. It may be the daughter who brings home the good news about this invisible type of monthly sanitary protection. Or it may be the mother who first gets these young ideas. Whichever way it happens, such a family will very soon have two voices saying "Thanks to Tampax!"

This Tampax is quite different from the external napkin-type product you are accustomed to, as you can see from the following list of points . . .

- NO BELTS
- NO PINS
- NO PADS
- NO ODOR

It is worn internally. There are no pins or belts. No odor is formed. It may be worn in tub or shower. You can go in swimming with it. No chafing, no bulges or ridges. Made of pure surgical cotton. Small and dainty, it is inserted by throw-away applicator. When in place you cannot feel it. Quick changing. Easy disposal.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is sold in 3 absorbencies at drug stores, notion counters. Month's average supply will go in your purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario.

3 absorbencies **REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR**



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## Peace Between Friends

Continued from page 24

"Why not? Are you thinking of what the town might think? Good lord, who cares what the town might think? Besides, the place is well staffed with chaperones. A housekeeper, a couple of maids, a handyman—"

"It isn't that at all," said Tess.

"My wife then?"

"Certainly not. You said Mrs. Conniston wasn't a shooting woman." To Tess the conversation seemed like something she was creating with her hands, a picture she was painting, putting bright gay little dabs here and there when all the time she wanted to brush on great smears of clouds and dark stormy colors. She said: "The truth is, I haven't many days left here and they're all filled up. Ginny is no piker about seeing that a guest of hers gets entertained . . . But I'm glad, Daniel, that we could have lunch like this together. I'll remember your hospitality, and everybody's for that matter. It's a wonderful town, and I've loved being here . . ."

SHE DIDN'T expect to see him again after that day; she was leaving the following week. Then he phoned her one morning to tell her his mother was coming in from the country on Sunday, and wouldn't she drop by on Sunday afternoon if it turned out that she had a little time free, because he'd like to have her meet his mother.

"Why, I certainly will if I can," she said—and knew, even as she stood there talking to him, that nothing would stop her, nothing would make her miss this legitimate chance to see Daniel Conniston one last time.

At four o'clock on that Sunday afternoon, after having told Ginny she was going for a walk and that she might drop in on Mr. Conniston and his mother, she was standing at the door of the big sandstone house above the river. It was a grey gloomy afternoon. The sky was dark with motionless clouds, and unbelievable numbers of leaves had fallen to add to the general desolateness, and there was a dampness in the air that seemed not only to get into the body but to penetrate the vulnerable walls of the mind and the spirit as well. She felt a little depressed. But that would pass, she knew, as soon as she was talking to this man who could sweep anyone into the tide of his own mood.

A maid let her in and showed her to the living room, turning on lamps to remove the effect of coldness which the weather wasn't entirely responsible for. It was a large beautiful room with the kind of impersonal spaciousness characteristic of modern interiors, doubtless created to the specifications of Daniel Conniston's wife since Tess was quite sure he himself wouldn't lean to anything as unhomelike in the conventional sense as this was. She glanced around as she waited, hoping to see a picture of Mrs. Conniston, whom Ginny had described as not particularly a beauty but brainy and forceful-looking. But there were only decorative water colors on the walls and of course nothing in the way of an ordinary photograph on the wide plain white mantel.

She was standing at the window, a magnificent width of window looking out over the slopes of lawn to the river, when

## Pin-up Girl

Proves that lovely hair isn't just luck!



THE modern girl knows that beautiful hair is the result of care and not "just luck." And she knows that this care needn't take over a few minutes a day.

While you are arranging your hair, simply sprinkle a few drops of Danderine on comb or brush. Danderine will help remove the dulling film that is making your hair appear drab and uninteresting. It will add a beautiful sheen and bring out all the shimmering highlights men admire so much. Danderine makes hair easier to manage and waves last longer. And nothing surpasses Danderine in removing loose dandruff.



MEN, TOO, like Danderine. It fights loose dandruff.

# Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

## YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?



YOU NEED **2 IN 1**

UNSHINED shoes spoil the smartest costume. And what's just as bad—such neglect means you're not giving your shoes the care they need, to wear well!

You need 2 IN 1 for the brighter, faster shine that keeps shoes new-looking longer. 2 IN 1 scientifically combines special oils and waxes that protect as they clean—replenish the natural oils of leather, and so keep shoes flexible, give them longer life. Try the effective, thrifty 2 IN 1 way to brighter shoes!



2-46

BLACK, BROWN, TAN Paste 10c . . . BLACK, BROWN Liquid 15c





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• **DOROTHY GRAY** Cream Concentrate contains Genocel,\* an active hormone ingredient, which helps hold back the effect of years on the skin's appearance. This active hormone ingredient is present in young skin, but often lacking in the mature skin. A superbly rich emollient, Cream Concentrate is for the woman past thirty who wants to wage a private war against years. Dorothy Gray Cream Concentrate that works for your youthful look while you sleep, \$5.00. \*Trade-mark



JMW  
what with one thing  
and another, my face  
had certainly gone  
to rack and ruin. So  
glad you mentioned  
Cream Concentrate. The  
return of pre-thirty  
flattery does my ego  
good, especially the routine

*Dorothy Gray*

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY  
TORONTO NEW YORK LONDON

# Fashion Shorts

★ from New York ★

by Kay Murphy

**Gay Deceivers**—those shiny new raincoats that look every bit as bright on a sunny day! Doesn't hurt a gal to add a matching hat—set it at a rakish angle—and you're all set for whatever happens!

**The Gold Rush Is On!** So much of the newest costume jewellery is in a golden tone. Of course, it's probably electroplated or some such thing, but it looks like gold, so who knows—who cares?

**Compacts** grow larger and larger. All to the good—who wants to see just part of your face, when a big remodelling job has to be done! Saw some awfully cute clear plastic affairs which stem from California. Big—but light in weight.

**Foreign Coins** are jingling in many a returned soldier's pocket. Persuade him that they would look much better on your little wrist, in a "friendship" bracelet. You'll be part of his travels and—who knows—pop up in his dreams!

**Eye-Peeling!** Little black velvet ribbons tied around your little wrists; make matching little bows and attach to an old pair of earrings—and you at once assume a fragile Victorian air!

**Pert Pickin's!** Striped little peplums on solid-colored dresses. Good idea! Make a peplum like a tiny apron, and add to a dress that is more or less a sad sack. Works wonders!

**Raid The Tool Chest** and locate some nuts and bolts. Enamel them in gay colors—coat with colorless nail polish—and use as cuff links on the sleeves of your shirtwaists.

**Ballet Slippers**, the new rage in lounge slippers, may not be within your reach, but those little footlets cost a mere few dimes. Take a pair—edge with colored ribbon—then add ribbon strings to tie around your ankle.

**Those Delicately Scented** sachet papers, when slipped betwixt your girdle and you—simply divine in fragrance!

**Little Dark Sweaters** take on new glamour if you add a row of pearls around the neck—or tack on some of those charms left over from your bracelet.

**What A Waist!** Accent on slim middles—round hips—soft shoulders. If you have a keen sense of rumor, spread the word that those new deep belts achieve itty-bitty waistline illusions, without cutting out all the groceries!

**Snoods** back again. If your curls clamor for Glamour, pick a snood with big blobs of colored stones. Sequins on snoods add stars to your head—and bring stars to his eyes. Make a black crepe snood—stud it with some of those pearls you have from a broken necklace—and will you like yourself!



Designed to dramatize, this cap-hat, jerkin and bag set, Simplicity Pattern No. 1543, is made of only 2½ yards of 35-inch material. It may be ordered from your local dealer or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Sizes Small, Medium, Large. 25c.

**Take It Or Leave It!** Some pernickety miss who hates lipstick smears on her hanky started the fad to use hankies the shade of her lipstick.

**Jungle Jangle Jingle!** Save all your coke bottle caps—punch holes in them, paint them a bright color—put a film of colorless nail polish over paint to protect it—then go on from there! Make you own belts, necklaces, and caps.

**Longer Skirts**, you say? I'll see how they look on others, before falling for them myself!

**Turtle Necks** on sweaters interesting—and there are other ways to achieve the important high neckline look, such as black velvet neck bands edged with pearls, choker chains, or take two colorful square scarves, knot them around your throat and let the ends fall where they may—back and front, or shoulder-wise.

**Thinking About A Spring Outfit?** Keep it feminine—keep it pastel—keep it soft and dainty—and you'll be on the right track! California is sending us some of the loveliest woollens in spring coats and gabardine suits. Nude, gold, aqua and delicate green are, at this writing, the favored colors.

**Hats Going "Mad."** This spring the trend is up and up in height—and loads of flowers atop them. It looks as if your last spring hat will never make the grade—the 1946 versions are so different!



## MORE ATTRACTIVE SKIN with SIMPLE CARE

Your skin must meet the punishing demands of busy days and still have that alluring look. Skin needs special care to measure up to these requirements. Let that care be Mercolized Wax Cream which will help to obtain a lovelier, more youthful looking complexion. It gives an appearance of new skin beauty aglow with natural loveliness. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight. It will aid in retaining the firmness and freshness of your complexion beyond your fondest dreams. Mercolized Wax Cream will help to make your skin look as young and lovely as your skin can look.

Use only as directed.

**OILY SKIN? USE SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT.** Just dissolve Saxolite Powder in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.



## "TIRED" All the Time

She felt miserable—draggy—low in vitality—lower in spirits. She hadn't thought of her kidneys, until a friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. At once she took Dodd's. The "washed out" feeling was soon replaced by clear headed energy and restful sleep. Headache, backache, lassitude and other signs of faulty kidneys disappeared.

130

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**



Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 50¢ and \$1.50 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

**Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE**

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 122, COVINGTON, KY.

on the face of the earth. Stay, and let us get half of something anyway out of meeting each other and knowing each other and—"

Somehow in spite of the grip he had on her she managed to push herself out of his arms. She stood a little distance away looking at him. She wasn't angry. What she felt was a disappointment so sharp and strong that it surprised even herself. After a moment, when she could speak, she said quietly: "I've liked you immensely ever since I met you, Daniel. I asked myself why, but I knew all along it was because you seemed different, because you seemed wholesome all the way through, because you had ideals that weren't afraid to admit themselves sentimental and old-fashioned. And now . . . this. I don't like you now, Daniel. This makes you cheap. This makes you what, somehow, I had never thought you were. This makes you like all the others, just one of the run-of-the-mill kind that—"

Daniel Conniston spread his hands out in a gesture of bitter bafflement. "But what could I ask you, Tess? What was there for me to ask you? If I were free I would have asked you to marry me—but what use have you for my sort of marriage, what kind of laughter would I have gotten for my pains?"

She started to answer something and then stopped. She could hear voices at the back of the house—the maid's, someone else's—and strangely, even before there was any reaction in Daniel Conniston's face, she knew what had happened, that his mother had arrived. She stood there in an undecided silence. The thought came to her that if she hurried, she could still slip out without meeting her, without having to make the terrible effort of pulling herself into something resembling normality. She turned away, putting her gloves on hurriedly. But Mrs. Conniston was just coming in the living room door.

A FEW MINUTES later, unbelievably, they were sitting there talking, she with a casual smile fastened onto her face, Daniel Conniston not too noticeably silent, Mrs. Conniston spontaneously sociable and good-humored because she didn't have any idea of what she had walked in on. She was a substantial well-built old woman with alert friendly blue eyes and a vigorous manner that related her to her son more tellingly than anything else about her. When she learned who Tess was, she said: "You don't mean it! Why, I've heard you on the radio I don't know how many times. There was that forum when that politician kept throwing personalities at you that didn't have anything at all to do with the subject. I wrote in to the radio station, I was so disgusted." She laughed and shrugged her sturdy shoulders. "But it didn't do any good, of course. They still get personal on those forums."

"But I still can't figure out, mother, what delayed you so long. That tire trouble on the way couldn't have used up all this time."

"Oh, well . . . no," said Mrs. Conniston complacently, opening up the venerable old crocodile handbag in her lap to put her handkerchief away. "I was going to start this morning, but one of my best cows was due to come in and I didn't like the look of her. The stockman I've got is no good at such things. I

✦ Continued on page 35



Nylon! And unbelievably fine. Stockings by Mercury will bring sheer loveliness to your legs. Alluring shades.

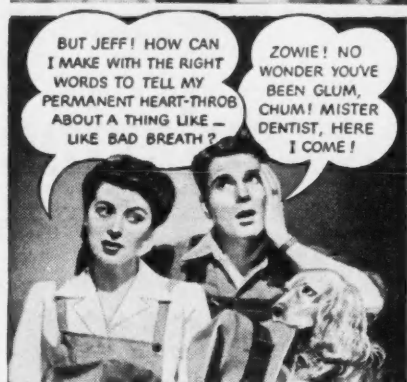
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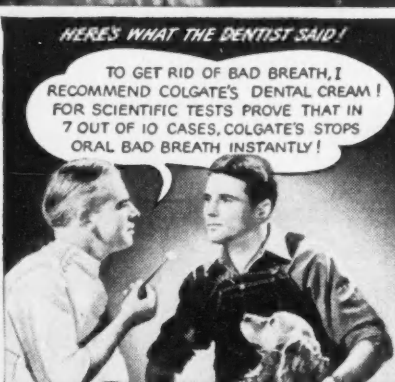


HECK! I MUSTA  
DONE SOMETHING—  
OR YOU WOULDN'T  
BE HANGING ICICLES  
ALL OVER ME! SO  
C'MON! SPILL IT!



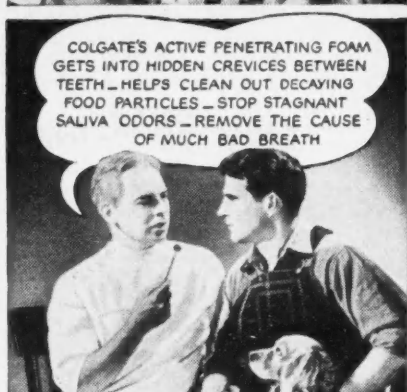
BUT JEFF! HOW CAN  
I MAKE WITH THE RIGHT  
WORDS TO TELL MY  
PERMANENT HEART-THROB  
ABOUT A THING LIKE—  
LIKE BAD BREATH?

ZOWIE! NO  
WONDER YOU'VE  
BEEN GLUM,  
CHUM! MISTER  
DENTIST, HERE  
I COME!



HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I  
RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM!  
FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN  
7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS  
ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



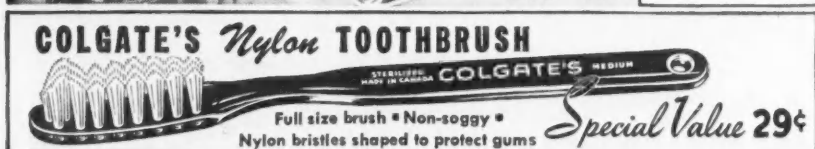
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM  
GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN  
TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING  
FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT  
SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE  
OF MUCH BAD BREATH



LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

IF IT'S KISSIN' YOU ARE MISSIN'  
AND YOU YEARN TO BILL AND COO  
AND YOU WANT COLGATE'S, IT'S THE TOOTH PASTE  
CLEANS BOTH TEETH AND BREATH FOR YOU!

BUT DEFINITELY!  
CAN YOU  
TOP THAT?!



"Thanks for listening!"—THE HAPPY GANG—CBC NETWORK—Mon. thru Fri.  
Canada's most popular daytime radio show!

Daniel Conniston came in. She turned around, and he came across the enormous space of grey carpeting toward her, and before she knew it, though she had doubtless co-operated, her hands were in his and they were smiling at each other at quite close quarters. "So you came, Tess," he said. "So you're here. So I'm not seeing yesterday's dream or tomorrow's mirage." He looked so happy that for a moment she was impulsively and illogically sorry she hadn't come the other time he'd asked her.

He helped her off with her coat. She left him with it and walked over to the mirror with her lithe easy stride. She was wearing a tailored wool dress with a wide soft leather belt, a scrolled scarf at her throat. The weather had mussed up her short curly hair and there was no trace of the neat part she had started out with, but after a brief attempt at repairing it, she gave up and turned around. "And your mother?" she said.

"For heaven's sake, Tess," he smiled, "don't think that was a ruse. My mother phoned that she'd be delayed, but I'm expecting her before too long."

"Oh. Well..." She almost wouldn't have cared if it had been a ruse, since it had served to get her here. "Well, I can stay for a little while."

"Good. Look, would you like a drink? Your hands were cold. What would you like? A brandy? A cocktail?"

Tess shook her head. "Could I like a cup of tea instead?"

"Fine! I'd like some myself. Tea and—Darn it all, I wish I had some of those little white sugar cookies of my mother's to serve with it. Well. I'll see what we can rustle up in the way of a substitute."

Tea came. By then they were sitting on one of the low blocky sofas beside the fireplace, the big log-filled fireplace which Daniel Conniston had insisted on lighting, and were talking about a number of subjects which came one after another without effort on the part of either of them. The tea was very hot and of the right strength, and with it there were little sandwiches which the maid had created with an artistry that didn't belong to amateurs, and a variety of little cookies which Daniel Conniston condemned as bakery stuff but which Tess thought quite satisfactory. It was all very pleasant. Long ago Tess had lost her feeling of depression, and though time was passing she didn't start to think yet of leaving or even to wonder how soon Daniel Conniston's mother would come.

Dusk began to darken the view outside the window. Daniel Conniston got up and pulled the heavy folds of draperies across, shutting out the cold raw look of the approaching evening, shutting them into this big room whose rather barren beauty the log fire had transformed into something warm and friendly. "Now we'll have some music," he said. "What would you like? Brahms... Bach... Beethoven? Whatever you name, I've got it for you, Tess."

Tess considered a moment. "I think, Debussy. Anything of his."

He pulled out an album from the record cabinet. "You know, it's a funny thing," he said as he did so. "I'm inclined to think I've built up my stock for just this moment when you'd be here to listen. I used to go into the record department and pick up stuff I thought I wanted, but when I got it

home it was never as good as I expected. The trouble is, they don't furnish someone to listen to it with you."

Tess glanced at him with quick understanding. "No. They don't."

He put on a record. He played Nuages to start with. Then he played several other Debussy recordings. After that he went to Grieg, to Chopin.

It grew later. By now Tess was beginning to be conscious of the movement of a great many minutes into the magnitude of hours. Suddenly it seemed a fairly long while ago that she had told Ginny she was going for a walk and might drop in on Mr. Conniston and his mother; suddenly it seemed too long a while that she had been making an excuse of waiting for his mother to arrive. But each time she spoke of leaving, Daniel Conniston would urge her to stay a little longer.

At last she took firm command of the situation. She waited for the conclusion of one more recording and then stood up. "That was a perfect ending," she said. "And now I must really go." He didn't say anything this time. She went over to get her coat. She put it on, buttoned it up; got her gloves out of her pocket; turned around to smile and say good-by.

He was standing by the record machine. He hadn't moved or said anything while she was putting on her coat. He didn't move now. He stood there looking at her with a curiously stoical expression on his face, as if he were seeing her already from a long distance off, from a thousand miles off. At last he said: "Yes, this ends it, I suppose." He shrugged his shoulders and said: "Well, good-by, Tess Bennett. I suppose I won't see you again. Where do you go from here? Back east?"

"Yes. Back to the job."

"The job," he said. "Yes. The job." He was silent for a moment. Then suddenly he flung out with a burst of violence: "Oh, curse the job. Curse women and their jobs. Tess"—he made a gesture that took in the whole room including herself—"Tess, this was the way it ought to be. Do you know what I stood there thinking while the music was playing? Understand, I wasn't myself, Daniel Conniston, but some suppositional man—and I was thinking, that's my wife sitting there. We've just come in from playing golf, and we've had tea, and now we're going to listen to music for a while here in our warm cosy living room, and after a while we'll go out and cook some coffee and you'll make sandwiches out of the remains of the Sunday roast—"

"I think you're just—just perpetually hungry," said Tess, trying to laugh. But she turned away from him, because she couldn't laugh.

He came over to her then in long vigorous steps. "Don't go yet," he said. "Stay a little longer, stay another hour. Oh, the heck with it," he said, and pulled her into his arms with a sudden angry fierceness. "Sure, I'm hungry—what do you expect? I'm hungry for a lot of things. I'm hungry for a wife, I'm hungry for someone who'll be here when I get home at night, someone who'll talk to me over the dinner table, someone who'll give me companionship and let me give her companionship, someone who'll give me love once in a while—yes, love—I'm hungry for that too. Tess, stay here for a while tonight. You feel the way I do. Don't go off and leave us both wasted, meaningless, no-good clods

## I'm a Salesgirl—

AND I'M BUSY  
ALL DAY LONG!

That's why I  
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# QUEST

I can't afford to offend . . . and yet I haven't time to fuss. I'm on my feet all day, too.

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A powder deodorant is the LOGICAL answer for sanitary pads. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture and helps prevent chafing. And being QUEST, I know it destroys odours completely, safely.

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I choose QUEST, too. . . . It acts just as fast . . . just as efficiently in destroying underarm odour . . . and it can't stain my frocks.

Large Container 35c



# QUEST

POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

\*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



## CRAMPS?

Curb them each  
month with . . .

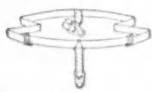


COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!  
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

## Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT



stuck around and saw her through. Twin heifers, Daniel—isn't that something? Then Eklund came over and I had to get things settled about the south eighty. It's all run to thistle since the renters had it. Well, I'm going to have it plowed up in the spring, pasture and all, and planted to reed grass. I've done some reading upon it. They . . ."

Tess listened. At first she was only puzzled by the unfamiliar terminology. Then, as her thoughts wandered off to her own problems, to Daniel Conniston, to these past days and the conversations they'd contained, she became filled with wonder and a vast mystification.

Daniel Conniston drove her home. It was quite dark now, and rain had begun to fall, throwing a fine spray against the windshield till the wipers began to operate and shove it rhythmically aside. Tess waited until he'd swung the big maroon coupé out into the street and they were moving along the shiny wet drive above the river. Then she turned to him and said with frowning determination: "Daniel. That was your mother. That was the person you've told me so often about, the person who stands as your—your ideal of womanhood. Well, I can understand that. She's—she's splendid. But don't you see, Daniel? That's just the point. Your mother is a career woman too, as fine and capable a career woman as any there ever was. She's not been a purely domestic creature. She's taken a hand—I dare say, from way back—in the running of the business that maintained your family. And if she'd been a young woman today, a woman in the midst of opportunity for accomplishment, don't think she wouldn't have seen to it that her brains and ability got put to the best and widest use."

To Tess' surprise, Daniel Conniston didn't contradict her. He said in a quiet impartial tone: "Yes, of course that's true. I've always known that."

"Well, then—Well, then . . ."

He nodded and smiled a little. "Tess, I'm going to tell you something. I'm not quite as one-sided as I've sounded. I believe that women should have a chance at careers—of course I do; not that they should slight their natural jobs as wives and as mothers but that they should—and can, if they're reasonably smart and not unreasonably lazy—combine the two." He stopped, and as Tess stared fixedly at him, it seemed to her the shadow of a remembered emotion passed unwelcomely across his face. He said: "That day at the meeting I was pretty violent, I'll admit. I'd just had a letter from my wife, and although I'd known for some time we were through with each other, her saying that she was going to start suit for divorce seemed to sharpen up for a little while all the bitterness I'd ever had about our marriage and its failure. Do you understand how that could be?"

Tess looked away. For a moment she forgot to answer, lost track even of the real issue they were discussing. All her thoughts could hold for a moment was one great shimmering knowledge. She's going to divorce him. It's over between them. Some day he'll be free . . .

At last she said: "Yes, I understand how that could be." She gazed straight ahead of her in a deep, still thoughtfulness, and then, finding in herself, among all the things she might say now, the one thing that had to be said, the one thing he had to know, the one thing she had to

## Are you in the know?



### Is this the technique for a—

- ☐ Water wave
- ☐ Pin curl wave
- ☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave. Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex helps your peace of mind. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!



### Do you think she's carrying a—

- ☐ Ditty bag
- ☐ Knitting bag
- ☐ Bicycle bag

Grand carry-all for those unteem gadgets you're always cramming in your purse. A large charge—the bicycle bag! No need to wait for cycling weather. You can tote this high-wide-and-handsome job practically anywhere, right now. And *any day*, you can be carefree, confident—when you have the plus protection of Kotex. For you know Kotex has a special safety centre that won't betray you . . . that gives real protection from embarrassment. You're assured because you're safe with this exclusive Kotex feature.



### Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ It's a pre-arranged date
- ☐ You meet unexpectedly
- ☐ You never saw him before



\*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching . . . roping!

More women choose KOTEX<sup>\*</sup>  
than all other sanitary napkins



# From Desk to Dusk -- and on to a Dinner Date!

No. 1521 is designed for light-weight woollens or silk-type fabrics. The basque jacket, cleverly seamed, simulates a dirndl dress effect with the full skirt which has unpressed pleats all around. In Junior or Misses sizes from 11 to 18. Size 15 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material, jacket lining  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards. Price, 25 cents.

No. 1512, a softly handled dressmaker suit, is lovely in a deep pastel. Dress it up with your pet pearls or choker, or transform it with crisp lingerie touches at the throat. With a simple, bow-tied blouse, it becomes a trim spring number. In sizes 12 to 20. For size 16, you'll need  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch goods. Price, 25 cents.



Well-cut, night and day compatibles that travel smartly with a fur coat, and tie up beautifully with early spring coats.

**L**OOK LEFT for a perfect ensemble in bright color get-togethers or in striking fabric contrasts. The box jacket, No. 1540, has a high round neckline with buttoned tabs, and shirtwaist sleeves. It's fresh and bright as spring itself, done in rich color, plain or patterned. Plan to harmonize color or contrast fabric in the skirt, which is seamed at centre front and back, with unpressed pleat giving front fullness. Sizes available, 12 to 20. For size 16, you'll need  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for the jacket, and two yards for the skirt. Price, 25 cents.

No. 1543, the hat and bag set, would be stunning matched to skirt of No. 1540. The little cap-hat is cut in one piece, flat at front, and gathered at the back in a snood. Fastened with elastic loops at back, it's adjustable to all sizes. In today's high fashion style, the trim, flat bag is cut in three sections, with handle. In one size only, the set can be made out of just  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 1515, a two-piece suit, is arresting and cleverly done in a striped material, or neatly tailored in plain goods. The V-necked jacket, diagonally seamed, has a slim-fitting peplum, fastened with tie ends at waist. The skirt, seamed centre front and back, has an inverted front pleat. The pattern comes in size 12 to 20. For size 16 you'll need  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 41-inch lengthwise striped material. Jacket lining  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch goods. Price, 25 cents.

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The man, on the left, is wearing a plaid shirt and has his arms around the woman. The woman, on the right, has blonde, wavy hair and is looking up at him. They are in a snowy environment, with a wooden structure and a window visible in the background. The overall mood is intimate and romantic.

# Midwinter Night's Dream

A HONEYMOON out of this world . . . veiled by the snow's white magic . . . illumined for two alone by the wonder and warmth of love. His lips a moving fire on yours. Sparks flying upward in your heart. A time to remember . . . this night, this hour, this moment . . . as he tells you you're more beautiful than any one girl should be!

To stay as beautiful as you are tonight, you trust only to Woodbury . . . the facial soap made for the skin alone. Your daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail is such gentle cleansing care . . . your beauty treatment in cake form. For his adoring eyes, you keep your complexion soft and smooth . . . and the flame in his heart burning bright!



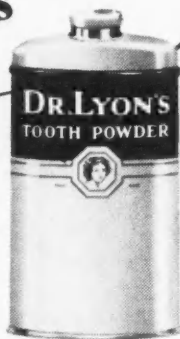
FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH **WOODBURY**  
(MADE IN CANADA)





**Your Dentist  
knew best in  
the gay '90's**

**Your Dentist knows best *TODAY!***  
**DR. LYON'S**  
**has meant a WINNING SMILE**  
**for over 60 years**



**Your Dentist** will tell you to choose your dentifrice carefully, for harsh abrasives should never be used for the daily cleansing of teeth. Such abrasives should only be used under competent dental supervision. Used daily they soon injure tooth enamel.

Once enamel is injured, *teeth decay fast!*

A time-tested, safe and efficient dentifrice for the daily cleansing of teeth is the prescription first developed by a famous practicing dentist... Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.

Daily use of this better dentifrice will keep teeth cleaned and polished to their full, natural brightness. And Dr. Lyon's is a real joy to use because it tastes so good. It leaves the mouth feeling clean and refreshed... the breath sweet.

Don't be misled by extravagant claims or mysterious ingredients, get Dr. Lyon's and start *proper* home care of your teeth *today!*

put into words before she got to Ginny's house, before it was too late—she turned to him with quiet honesty. "I think I should tell you something, too, Daniel. I'm... not as one-sided as I sounded either. I didn't mean what I said about not wanting a home and children. I... do want them. I'm human. You asked me once if I was a woman. Well, you must have guessed that—that I am."

Daniel Conniston looked at her. It was a brief, intent, comprehensive look, missing nothing in her eyes that her eyes were telling him with that unashamed honesty. Their thoughts seemed to meet and move along together. It was as if the same wide bright vision of the future opened up to them both at one time, and as if, when he spoke again—though there had been a great deal left unsaid between them—she, travelling the same course in her thoughts, reached the same point at the same time as he.

"Tess," he said, "do you remember

those words of yours, 'Peace between friends isn't simple to keep...?'"

"Yes, I remember them."

"You were talking about countries, but of course it applies to individuals just as well—to two men, to two women, to a man and woman, to married people—most of all to married people who both have careers that have to be fitted into one shared life. 'Peace between friends isn't simple to keep...'"

"Yes," she answered. And she knew what he was saying to her, what he was asking her. She told him: "But it can be kept—we know that, don't we? It means co-operating, making compromises and concessions, giving in to each other, going halfway. But it can be kept—we know that it can."

"Yes, I think we do," he said.

They drove along in silence. Presently he asked her very gravely, with a kind of anxiety in his tone: "Tess, are you coming back to our town?"

"Yes," she turned to him. "Yes, Daniel—I'm coming back." +

## The Captive Heart

*Continued from page 7*

a bit crazy—to bring Barry up now. But always—he did things a person couldn't help remembering. Even on that last trip, when they were flying in supplies of medicine... He broke off. I closed my eyes to that reawakened vision of steel and flames. I did not want to remember.

"Tony, nobody expects us all to be heroes. Chances like that are given only to the few. All the average woman asks or wants in a man, is ordinary decency and kindness..."

He held me closely, and I could feel the thudding of his heart against my own. "Pat—to the end of my life, whatever happens, I'll love you..."

I went to sleep that night, thinking only of his words—and I woke up sick with a cold desperate fear. This time it was worse. Somewhere in the darkness I had heard Barry's voice, strong and clear as it had ever been, calling and calling—and I had tried to reach him. I couldn't move, for something, someone, was holding me back. Suddenly I knew it was Tony—and even in the blackness I could see his eyes, fierce and glittering as they had never been in conscious memory. I cried out in something between a scream and a sob. "Barry!"

Lou came running in, and switched on the light. "Pat, what is it?" She looked so concerned I tried to pull myself together and stop shivering. We even laughed a little. "That comes of giving you a special treat of crabs for dinner," she said. But at the door she paused. "When you cried out, I thought you were calling someone, Pat. Can you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," I answered, but she was merciful and didn't press me.

I could not sleep again that night. The years rolled back, and it was summertime, when I was 16. Barry had called me once, out of the night, and I had been held from reaching him. It came back to me, though I had not thought of it for years. Barry was a medical student then. He had a small outboard motorboat that was his pride and joy. All summer long we had gone for cruises, Tony, Barry and I, over the deep blue water. One day we went farther than usual, and we returned after nightfall

into the teeth of a sudden squall. We were within sight of the wharf and safety when all at once the engine faltered and died. The little boat plunged like a mad thing. "Watch Pat!" Barry shouted to Tony, as he turned to work frantically over the engine. It refused to respond and the boat was pulled out on a fast ebb tide. "She's dead!" Barry shouted—and I was aware of his shadowy form moving toward me. Then the boat gave a savage plunge, and he was gone. I screamed, and tried to reach over the edge. "Tony... save him!" The next moments were nightmare. We strained our eyes to pierce the darkness, and all the while we were drifting so that the lights of shore receded. Tony held me tightly. "We can't do anything," he repeated over and over—and I cannot even say how long the horror and suspense went on. Then suddenly I heard Barry's voice—clearly through the roar of wind, and I started up. "He's there. He's calling me! Tony—let me go!" Tony must have found superhuman strength there in that tossing boat, for I know I struggled like a maniac—trying to fling myself into the waves and meet that voice. I heard it once again, more clearly, then suddenly Tony's voice, sharpened with excitement, pierced my frenzy. "Pat, look! A light. A boat is coming. Pat—we're saved!"

And so, whether I heard Barry's real voice or not, I never knew. I only knew that presently I felt Barry's arms about me on the harbor tug that rescued us—and it seemed even more unreal than the horror I had experienced. I suppose actually it had not been beyond the natural endurance of a strong man, to fight through that ebb tide into shore—yet to me it seemed incredible and wonderful. I clung to Barry for a shameless moment, and he was shivering as much as I. We had never spoken of love, and yet my words were torn from my very heart.

"If anything had happened to you... I couldn't have lived!"

I felt his cold lips touch my cheek. "Nothing will happen to me... ever... while you feel like that!" he whispered—and suddenly I felt warm and strong and whole again, in the wonder of our mutual discovery.

+ *Continued on page 49*

# *Shimmering* <sup>new</sup> *Psyche Pink*

An exciting  
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polish!

**Sensational Shimmer-Sheen** . . . the new, utterly different nail polish that the magic fingers of Peggy Sage have made shining with starlight. See it in Psyche Pink, a lyrical incandescent pink . . . delicate as a sigh, daring as a hard-to-remember dream.

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## *Peggy Sage*

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JEWELS BY SEAMAN SCHENBERG



# new Film-Finish Powder

"Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture,"  
...says exquisite Ella Raines



**ELLA RAINES**, Universal's unique lovely, stars in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry." **WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE** gives lasting fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on yours—for vivid glow!

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Boxes of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 16¢



(MADE IN CANADA)

# Woodbury Film Finish Powder

## The Day of the Henna Rinse

Continued from page 5

Todd, she remembered unexpectedly, didn't like grey for her. Or perhaps it was tan. Not that it mattered a great deal. It had been years since he'd mentioned it. She smiled. Dear Todd was too preoccupied with his business to notice what any woman wore.

A splash of soapy water landed on her cheek. Sally, with hasty apologies, wiped it away. "I guess I'm sort of nervous today," she said. Victoria smiled reassuringly and said nothing. "I guess I'm nervous," Sally persisted, "because today George gets home. They released him from the hospital Thursday." Her voice was pitched high with suppressed excitement. "We're going to be married next week."

Victoria opened her eyes. "Why, Sally, how wonderful. I'm so glad for you."

"We're going to be married in a church," Sally said. "Not a fancy wedding or anything like that, but in a church just the same." She pushed back her own hair with a soapy hand and then laughed ruefully at the foam-peaked curls reflected in the mirror. "Gee, what a dopey thing to do. I guess I really am all worked up."

Victoria followed her gaze to the mirror. "You have such pretty hair, Sally. Such a lovely pale color. The curl is natural, too, isn't it?"

The girl flushed with pleasure and surprise. "Yeah," she said, "I guess I must have eaten all my crusts when I was a kid." She went back to work with renewed energy. "You got nice hair, too. Nice and heavy."

Victoria nodded. "There's plenty of it. I've at least that to be thankful for."

"Did you ever have a rinse, Mrs. Carroll? A henna rinse?"

"No," Victoria said, "it never occurred to me. My mother had lovely red hair," she added. "Neither of her children inherited it though." It was a long time since she'd thought of her mother's wonderful hair.

"I bet," Sally said warmly, "if I was to use a little henna rinse on yours it would—"

"Oh, Sally, please don't send me out of here with red hair," Victoria laughed. "What would people say?"

"Not really red, Mrs. Carroll. Just a little tint. Enough to pick up the lights." She reached behind her for a bottle. "It'd come right out the next time you wash it, honest." Victoria hesitated. She didn't care about having lights in her commonplace brown hair. She was quite used to it the way it was. "I know you'd like it, Mrs. Carroll. What do you think?"

She looked at Sally's eager face. After all what difference did it make? The rinse would wash out later. "All right, Sally," she conceded, "you go ahead and make me look nice."

An hour later she walked down the

avenue through the bright sunshine to Martin's Shop For Ladies and wondered idly if her hair was "picking up the lights." She laughed at her own foolishness.

She sat down on one of the small gilt chairs in the shop to wait for Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy had helped her with her clothes for years. She would know what color would give the most service, what style could be worn for a number of seasons. "A nice little classic, Mrs. Carroll," she would say. "A nice little classic is just the thing for you."

She didn't see Mrs. Kennedy on the floor and didn't ask for her immediately. It was rather pleasant just sitting and looking at the racks of suits and dresses in their softly glowing colors. Her eyes kept straying back to the vivid green suit on one of the plaster figures. Its short coat was fitted tightly at the waist, had full bishop sleeves and an Eton collar of white pique. The skirt flared considerably. The suit certainly wasn't what Mrs. Kennedy would term a classic.

Victoria knew why it held her attention. Being reminded of her mother's red hair at the beauty shop had started a long train of thought. This was exactly the kind of suit her mother

would have chosen for herself. She had worn green a great deal when Victoria was a child. "Green is my special color, baby. Green for a redhead," she would say to the saw-toothed, pig-tailed little girl who sat on the floor by the dressing table and stared adoringly as her mother dabbled in the little pots of make-up. The chiffon ruffles, sea green like the flecks in her hazel eyes, would slide back from her slender wrists as she combed the long

curling lengths of bright hair. It was a strange color, a dark burning red. Sometimes Victoria would touch it reverently with a bony little hand. Surely there was nothing in the world so beautiful as her mother's hair. No one so lovely.

Yes, without a doubt, the green suit was the one her mother would have chosen. It would have been the perfect complement for that wonderful hair.

Victoria put her hand self-consciously to her own soft chignon. A henna rinse! What had ever possessed her? She laughed softly.

The small sound caught the attention of a young clerk passing through the aisle. "I'm waiting for Mrs. Kennedy," Victoria explained, and looked undecided when she learned that the older saleslady was not to be in the shop that day. "I'd planned to get a suit." She touched her hair again and involuntarily turned to the green suit on the figure.

"Oh, that one," the girl said. "It's lovely, isn't it? And your size, I think. You're about a 14, aren't you?"

"Yes." Before Victoria could describe the sort of neat serviceable suit she wanted the girl was across the floor stripping the coat from the model.

She brought it back. "It's lovely

+ Continued on page 43

## RECIPE FOR LIVING

By PATRICIA BRENTON MEDNIKOFF

+

Take a dash of humor.  
A pinch of laughter.  
Blend with ingredients  
That follow after:  
Dissolve all tears  
In cup of joy,  
Then mix and strain.  
Heart-strength employ.

Spice with reason,  
Watch and baste,  
Measure flavor,  
Spare the waste!  
Bake in oven,  
Anticipating,  
Warm with living,  
Life is waiting!

# Chatelaine Beauty



Pagano

BY ADELE WHITE

## Tips on Saving Face

**T**HERE'S NO use quibbling about complexions. This year they must be peachy, creamy and smooth for three good reasons. (1) Fashion decrees that we're up to our ears, almost, in necklines (low-necked dresses are dated except for evening gowns). This means even more emphasis on the face itself. (2) We're out to please our menfolk. When they were away we could, perhaps, get by with a blemish here and there, if we wore an especially chic hat or hair-do—the kind that wins a round of applause from the girls. But men's taste is different. They like to see us looking smart, yes, but they'll tell you no amount of exterior decoration can camouflage a flaky or spotty skin. (3) Now that gasoline is

unrationed and we have more leisure for fun, there'll be a renewed and lively interest in outdoor sports. Each week end will see an increasing number of us hiking off to ski trails and swooping down toboggan slides. We'll keep warm and cosy with heavy ski pants, windbreakers, fleece-lined boots and woolly mitts, but our faces? They just have to take all extremes of temperature with no extra protection. And—you may have found out the hard way—this can lead to a bad case of dry, chapped skin. Sudden changes of temperature—which we encounter emerg-

ing from a warm house into biting wind—dilate the capillaries near the surface of the skin and unless we're expert in skin care, it can result in a permanent "flushed" look or it can toughen our complexions to an unflattering leathery texture.

**Cleansing vs. Night Creams:** I'm constantly surprised by otherwise smart girls who don't know the difference between a cleansing and a night cream. The two types are as co-operative as shoes and stockings, and neither can substitute for the other. Cleansing cream has wax as its base which liquefies at body tem-



# No Other Shampoo

**leaves your hair  
so lustrous, yet  
so easy to manage!**



Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair!  
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.  
That's Drene-lovely hair.

Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you  
these exciting hair-dos to go with the things  
you'll do and the clothes you'll wear  
on a gay winter week-end.

"Changing your hair style is part of the fun,"  
says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to fix  
after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo  
with Hair Conditioning action  
leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage."

You'll love the way Drene brings out  
all the gleaming beauty of your hair...  
as much as 33% more brilliance than any soap.

Drene is not a soap shampoo.  
It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair  
the way all soaps do.

Leading fashion models, like Shari Herbert,  
are always so smartly groomed.

No unsightly dandruff...  
not when you're a Drene Girl!  
Start today. Use Drene Shampoo  
with Hair Conditioning action  
or ask your beauty shop to use it.

• **WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE,** you  
want a hair-do that stays put. "So fasten  
your hair at the nape of your neck with  
a barrette," advises Shari, "and comb  
under into a smooth page-boy." Your  
hair is always easy to fix after a Drene  
shampoo. The Hair Conditioning action  
insures manageability plus extra lustre.

## Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

• **A WALK IN THE SNOW** calls for this stunning up-  
sweep, so just-right with the half-hood plaid coat by  
Tina Leser. "It's as easy as rolling off a snowbank to  
fix this large gleaming roll," says Shari, "if your hair  
is manageable." And everyone knows that no other  
shampoo... only Drene with Hair Conditioning action  
... leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

• **GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT**... "Change to something  
romantic for evening," Shari says. "Sweep up your hair  
and arrange in four or five long shining curls." For that  
wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example  
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LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The  
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd.  
10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2, England.

## The Day of the Henna Rinse

Continued from page 38

material. So soft. Go on to the dressing room and I'll bring the skirt."

With the coat over her arm Victoria walked stiffly to the back of the shop. The situation was rather awkward. Even though the girl had been impetuous, she was going to a good deal of trouble to get the suit. It seemed ungracious to refuse to try it on.

"It's perfect on you," the girl said. "There's not one in a hundred with a figure for a suit like that."

Victoria turned in front of the glass. It was sheer flattery, of course. A good sales line. Still the suit did happen to fit extraordinarily well. If she were 10 years younger and not the mother of a half-grown daughter she might be tempted to consider it.

"Now a hat," the girl was saying with her head tilted thoughtfully on one side. "A little brown turban, don't you think?"

"No," Victoria said, "something high-crowned in green, a deeper shade perhaps." Her mother had had a hat like that, dark green with a tall crown.

"Exactly," the girl said, "just a minute." She came back almost at once with three hats. One of them a topper with a sharply turned up brim and white grosgrain band.

Victoria put the hat on and managed a small laugh, "I don't seem to look quite like myself."

"Your lipstick," the girl suggested, "I think perhaps a brighter shade."

From the depths of memory came the image of a milk glass jar nestled in her mother's slender hand, a jar filled with fascinating red paste that smelled deliciously. "Geranium," Victoria murmured, without being aware that her lips moved.

"Geranium?" the girl said doubtfully. "Well, I don't know about that, but we do have a number of lovely shades."

Victoria was ushered across the carpeted floor. The clerk and the woman behind the cosmetic counter conferred. Dutifully Victoria examined a number of slender tubes. This was indeed ridiculous. There was more than half the lipstick left that she'd bought last spring. "Here is the one," the woman announced decisively, and Victoria accepted a plastic container labelled "Perilous Flame."

"You ought to put some on now," Victoria bent to the mirror and dabbed at her lips in her usual hasty fashion. "Like this," the woman said. "Let me show you." Victoria blushed a little when she looked at the completed job. Her mouth seemed so full and bright.

There was still time to back out. She'd have to buy the lipstick now, but she could take off this absurd hat and unfasten the piqué collar at her throat. A black suit she could say. She wanted a neat serviceable black suit. The clerk and the older woman were beaming, pleased with themselves and with her. She caught sight of herself in a mirror-panelled wall. The suit did fit well, and it would be nice not to have to bother with alterations. She signed the sales checks and escaped to the street.

A GLANCE at her watch turned her in the direction of Todd's office. There was only time to walk over there before she met Cecelia. She stepped along briskly. The short flared skirt gave her an enjoy-



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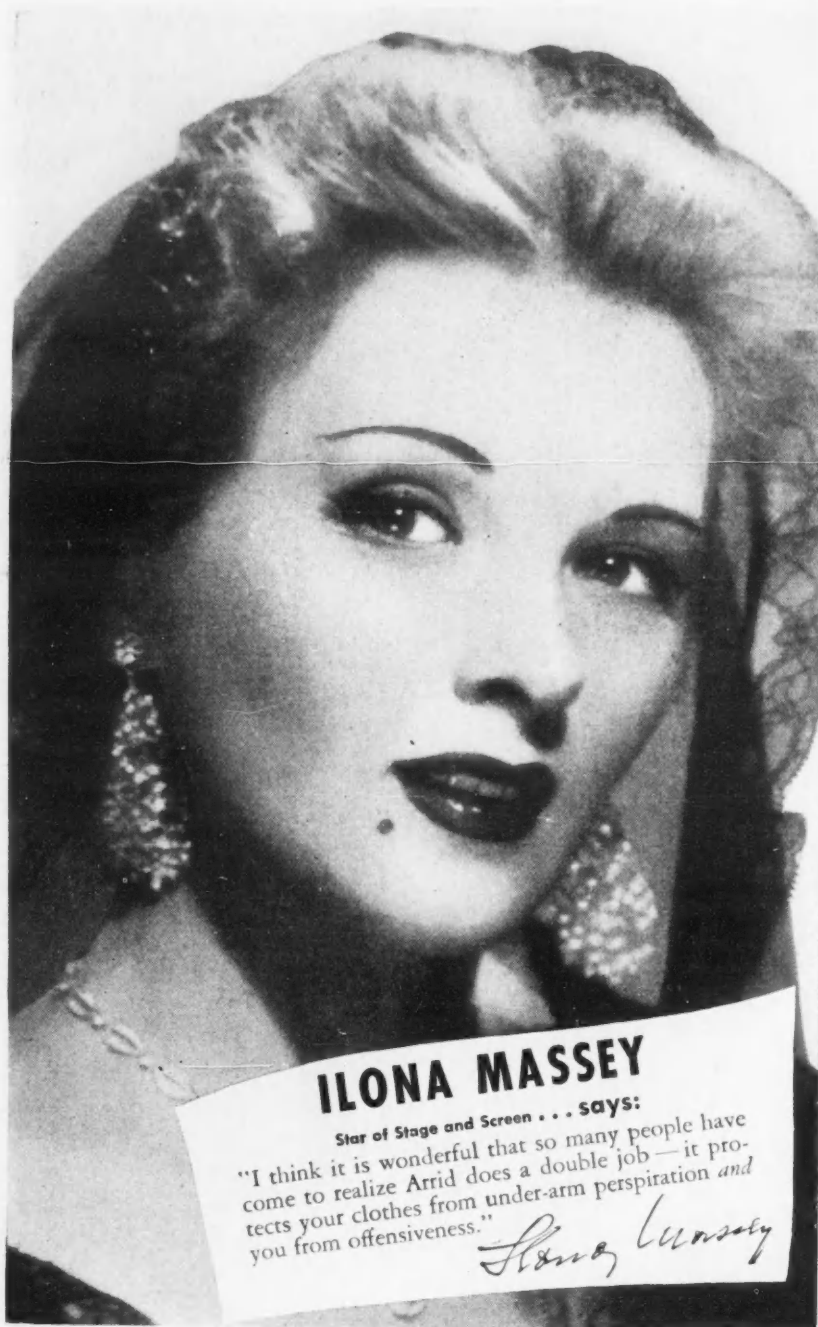
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*Ilona Massey*

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perature and dissolves dirt and grime from the pores of the skin. To prove our point, just give your face a good going-over with cleansing cream, right now if you like—then rub it off with face tissue; now take a good look at the record. It's a pretty grubby piece of tissue you're holding in your hand, isn't it—and you such a nice clean girl!

Here's a tip. When using cleansing cream on your face, tie a band around your head to protect your hair from the cream. If your face is normally oily or very oily give it a lathering with soap and water—a facial soap that contains a high percentage of lanolin. If your skin is dry, skip the soap for a while and stick to creams.

Now comes the night cream which supplies your skin with nourishment and replaces valuable oils that fade away with the years. Did you ever try the "six-dot" method of applying this cream? Dab a dot on your forehead, on each cheekbone, on the tip of your nose, your chin and underchin. With a rotary movement, using the cushiony part of your fingers, massage from the centre of your forehead to the temples; then "walk" your fingers from the corners of the mouth to the nostrils (this irons out droopy lines from nose to chin) and carry on the swirling movement over your cheeks right up to your hairline. Now start underneath your chin and massage down to your collar bones. Leave the skin food on for at least half an hour (use the time to get in some vigorous hair-brushing). Blot with tissue but leave a thin layer overnight.

**Special Skin Problems.** Many of us have individual skin problems which need special treatment. "Crow's feet," for instance—those fine lines which radiate from the corner of the eye and which are harbingers of more wrinkles to come. A good treatment consists of spending a few moments in complete relaxation with pads of cotton soaked in astringent skin tonic, covering the eyes; and there are special eye creams you can use to pat into the surrounding delicate skin with a touch as light as a kitten's paw.

To iron out lines of fatigue and smooth away that dragged-out look at the end of the day, don't overlook the benefits of a face mask which you leave on for 20 minutes. During that time it dries, tightens face muscles and stimulates circulation. Wash it off with warm water and your face should feel fresh and rosy.

Skin blemishes should be treated with the utmost care. Cleanliness is the first essential. A thorough washing night and morning with mild face soap is advisable; if the pimples have erupted avoid using a washcloth, as this may spread infection. Follow the soap and water treatment with an astringent skin tonic. Restrict your make-up to lipstick, liquid foundation base and a scant dusting of powder, which should

be applied with a fresh face tissue each time. If the condition persists try acne lotion or medicated salve which can be left on overnight.

**Morning Routine.** In the morning you have a choice of cleansing with cream and skin tonic, or with soap and water and skin tonic. Experiment to find out which makes your face feel most comfortable.

Make-up must have, as a start, a perfectly clean face with no vestige of last night's cream left on.

One of the greatest beauty treasures to appear in the last few years is foundation make-up. It gives that lovely, magnolia look which they say nature bestows on Southern Belles. You have a choice of three types of foundation make-up: cream, liquid or cake. Until recently dry-skin girls found liquid or cream best for their complexions—but that's changed now. New brands of cake make-up have been perfected which are nondrying and actually good for the skin. So, if you prefer cake make-up and you suffer from dry skin, be sure to enquire for the type suitable to your complexion.

In winter weather foundation make-up prevents that grey pinched look which afflicts many of us on cold damp days. We start out complexion-perfect, but by the time we've reached the corner of the street, fickle winds, which are supposed to bring a rosy glow to our cheeks, have had exactly the reverse effect—everywhere except the tip of the nose. It just isn't fun, that color scheme of putty-colored cheeks and a rose-tipped nose! A good foundation protects our faces as sheer stockings protect our legs. It also makes a good base for powder to cling to. This, plus a bright shade of rouge and lipstick, will make you look as though you enjoyed winter weather.

**Outdoor Girls Beware!** Winter sunlight, believe it or not, can tan and even burn almost as readily as summer sun. When you spend week ends taking outdoor exercise, be sure to protect your face with sunproof creams and lotions and don't forget sun glasses. Squinting into the sun can accordion-pleat your face. Besides, you don't want to miss the smart touch those exaggerated sun specs with harlequin-shaped rims can add to your ski outfit.

**Our Last Word.** Just remember, whenever you're tempted to skip over the finer points of skin care, that your face has to last you a long, long time. Whether it continues to be an asset or becomes a liability will depend on how well you treat it in its younger days. There are lots of allies on your side. Hundreds of scientists in chemistry labs spend their days concocting and inventing face-saving devices. All you have to do is to make use of their best work which comes all done up in pretty and fragrant boxes. +

## Have You a Skin Problem?

Chatelaine's booklet, "A Lovely Skin," will give you excellent advice on home treatment for individual problems. Here are some of the skin conditions dealt with by our Beauty Editor: (1) A dry flaky skin. (2) Oily skin which won't hold make-up. (3) A complexion marred by blackheads. (4) Those first fine wrinkles which appear around the eyes and mouth. (5) Enlarged pores. (6) Pimples and acne.

### A LOVELY SKIN

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office with their backs to her. Miss Hofenstein bent above Carmeline's desk. "What did I tell you?" she said, and there was triumph in her voice. "Didn't I tell you you were wasting your time?"

"Well, okay," Carmeline shrilled, "for once you're right. What's it to me? I'm sick of this place anyhow. I know of a dozen better jobs."

"As if it's a job you're after," Miss Hofenstein said scornfully.

Victoria tiptoed out. It was better not to involve herself in whatever was going on. Todd was right. There was no love wasted between Miss Hofenstein and Carmeline. If the girl had made up her mind to leave, she thought vaguely, maybe it was all for the best.

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For the ultimate in beauty... really lovely complexion... get Don Juan matching powder, rouge and cake make-up.



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Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.  
In Smart Metal Cases



## "It's grand to be able to come and go"

"Come again soon, mother."

"I will indeed, Nancy. A short stay like this just suits me down to the ground. I don't get tired of you, and you don't get tired of me . . . and Jack doesn't, either."

"Goodness, mother, as if we could . . ."

"Now, Nancy. You have your lives to live, and I have mine. I like to be independent, and thanks to your father's forethought I can have my own little flat and coddle myself if I want to. Or I can take a trip if I feel like it. It's grand to be able to come and go. I hope Jack is carrying enough life insurance so that you'll be as comfortable as I am if . . . but let's not talk about it. Be ready for it, that's all."



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In spite of her best efforts Victoria blushed. "He's impossible, Todd. You know he is."

"Maybe. But he knows a good thing when he sees it. And so do I for that matter." He looked at her curiously. "What have you been doing to yourself, Vicky?"

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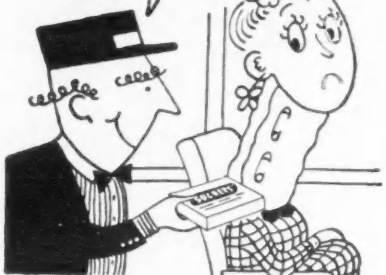
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office with their backs to her. Miss Hofenstein bent above Carmeline's desk. "What did I tell you?" she said, and there was triumph in her voice. "Didn't I tell you you were wasting your time?"

"Well, okay," Carmeline shrilled, "for once you're right. What's it to me? I'm sick of this place anyhow. I know of a dozen better jobs."

"As if it's a job you're after," Miss Hofenstein said scornfully.

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## How to Stay Married

Continued from page 11

transition of the family from a rural environment, to which it was comfortably adapted, to an urban environment into which it fits with difficulty; the passing of the control of custom or social convention and the failure of science to build up rational controls; and, finally, the more tolerant attitude toward divorce and divorced persons.

How can all these varied factors that have been thrust at us by savant, demagogue and preacher, be brought to focus on the Canadian family? Let me try to do it through a descriptive analysis of several types of Canadian family life as they have emerged in recent years; let us see how they will react to the various stresses.

A personable young woman has three broad choices in matrimony today. She may select for her mate a man schooled in the ancient tradition of chivalry and of male dominance of the household. If she makes this choice, the type of family living that will result can be predicted with a considerable degree of accuracy, since she is entering the "ideal" marriage of our forefathers. In its modern form it is commonly known as the Paternal family. This woman will have four or more children; will be financially dependent upon her husband's generosity; will make her major interest and activity her home and her children; and will, unless "the acids of modernity" begin to affect her, enjoy a stable, settled, directed life. Her marriage may be broken by an annulment, or by her husband's desertion; but the story of her married life is unlikely to be recorded in any Canadian divorce statistics.

Suppose that our personable young woman chooses, instead, a professional man, a young business executive or what statisticians call "a white collar worker." She may have to bide her time, for it takes such a man a number of years to get established. In the meantime she may teach school, serve as a librarian or other professional worker, live at home. When she marries, the type of household set up is likely to resemble closely that of the families filling in my Canadian Family Questionnaire. This couple will have an Equalitarian family life, genuinely democratic both in outlook and in behavior. Decisions will be reached in an informal family council where discussion is open to all, even the younger children. Their home is a private dwelling house or an apartment in one of the better residential areas. Income is earned largely, but not entirely, by the husband, and is allocated through a joint bank account or other automatic arrangement. Two or more children are considered by these parents to add richness to living. This family is stable, but, in cases where the family council fails to resolve deep underlying conflict situations, it will be broken by divorce, not annulment or desertion. That a friendly attitude and the democratic process are, taken by themselves, insufficient protection from all the buffeting of the modern world is seen in the increasing number of Equalitarian family conflicts that add up to divorce. Still greater tolerance and still more knowledge are apparently required if we are to achieve democratic solidarity even at the family level.



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Anna Louise exchanged glances and laughed.

Victoria ordered a second cup of coffee. "I'm going to buy you some blouses, Cecelia. Would you rather have stripes or plain colors?"

"Plain colors, I guess."

"We're going to buy sweaters this afternoon," Elaine volunteered. "Anna Louise and I. We buy most of our own clothes. We have since we were 14." Victoria, looking at their badly fitting silk dresses and quantities of cheap costume jewellery, could believe it. Cecelia's brown wool was plain but well cut and of good material.

"Do you still buy all of Cecelia's clothes, Mrs. Carroll?" Anna Louise asked.

Victoria, beginning an affirmative reply, saw the anxious look on Cecelia's face. "Well," she temporized, "if Cecelia would like to pick out a couple of blouses for herself it would be all right." After all she didn't want to be tired out when she met Todd tonight. Not that she could be tired when she was wearing white orchids. "Yes, dear," she said, "do buy your own blouses. Or perhaps," she said gaily, "you'd rather have a sweater, too."

Cecelia leaned toward her across the table and tugged at one of her braids, "Oh, yes, I'd much rather."

VICTORIA STARED at her a moment. She had forgotten how much something like that could mean to a child. And yet she could remember well enough how she had detested the middy dresses her mother had kept her in until she was a gangling 15-year-old. She looked at her own daughter's molasses-colored hair, the braces across her teeth and the awkward droop of her shoulders. "You know," she said slowly to no one in particular, "I was the image of Cecelia when I was her age. I guess," she said with a rueful laugh, "if Cecelia wants to know how she's going to look when she's grown up all she needs to do is look at me."

They all looked at Victoria, and then Miss Graham and the two girls looked at Cecelia. The warm color rose in the girl's cheeks and she straightened her shoulders. She tossed her head so that the braids fell back and patted the neat ribbon bow at the neck of her blouse. "I think I'll get a green sweater, mother," she said importantly. "One just the color of your suit."

"It's been a lovely lunch," Miss Graham said, "but I do think we should be getting started with our shopping. If all the girls are going to buy sweaters—"

"Of course," Victoria said, "run right along. I'll stay and finish my coffee." She was looking in her purse for a tip when she felt two thin arms around her neck. "Cecelia! Why did you come back?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I love you very much," Cecelia panted warmly in her ear and then she was away again. Victoria watched the slender little figure dart between the tables and out the door. She couldn't stop the tears that

welled up in her eyes. Imagine Cecelia kissing her like that! Cecelia who was so shy and self-conscious and reserved.

Victoria went to the bank and spent the remainder of the afternoon wandering through the stores. All that she purchased was a bottle of perfume. Perfume was definitely not on her long and varied shopping list, but it suited her mood better than pressure cooker rings and moth balls.

For some reason she found a great deal of pleasure in looking at hats. It was odd, for she hadn't paid any particular attention to them in years. Todd had been sweet about her hat that morning. She picked up a scrap of blue velvet with an intricate trimming of little pearls. A love of a hat. Not for her, she decided critically, but now for someone with silvery gold curls like Sally at the beauty shop—

She remembered with a shock that she hadn't paid Sally that morning. She had walked away without thinking of it, her mind completely occupied with the henna rinse. How terribly careless of her. Especially since this was Sally's last day and she wouldn't see her again. Perhaps the girl would have to make up the amount out of her salary. She consulted her watch. If she hurried she could get back to the shop before she had to meet Todd.

She turned to the door forgetting the velvet hat still in her hand. A saleslady was beside her immediately. "Can I help you with that?" Victoria started to explain and changed her mind. Why not buy it? It could be a wedding present. It certainly was a hat meant for a bride.

For a moment she thought Sally was going to cry when she lifted the hat from its tissue-lined box. "Gee, Mrs. Carroll," she kept saying, "gee! I don't know when anybody's done anything like this for me." The dimples flashed suddenly in her cheeks. "What's George going to say when he sees me in this?"

Victoria took out her billfold. "It was stupid of me to forget about paying you," she said. "How much was it, Sally?"

"A dollar and a half, Mrs. Carroll, like always."

"But the rinse. You're not including the henna rinse."

Sally's eyes widened and she put her hand over her mouth like a naughty child. "Mrs. Carroll, I forgot to give you that rinse. I got the bottle out and then I was called to the phone, you remember, and then I forgot all about it. Gee, I'm so awfully sorry."

Victoria laughed merrily. "You don't need to feel that badly about it. I didn't ask for it in the first place, you know. It was my own idea."

She looked at herself in the mirror, straightened the brim of her hat and reached in her bag for the Perilous Flame. She applied it with care and generosity. "After all, Sally," she said, "whether or not I had a henna rinse this morning hasn't made the slightest difference to me or anyone else. It's just the same as if you hadn't thought of it at all." +

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#### "KEEPING IN SHAPE"

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Canadian cities should be reoriented to the rearing of children and to the facilitation of successful family living. The community apartment block, and the garden village in proximity to an arterial highway, with, in each case, nursery and other socialized schools as well as health, recreation, laundry and other services, would appear to be most in line with intelligently directed modern trends.

3. A battery of services should be set up in Canadian cities to share the burden and the joy of young children with the parents of these children. Government family allowances, as now operating in Canada, are more likely to give a boost to the Paternal family than to change Companions over into

Equalitarian families. The modern young working woman, deserting a lush, independent companionate arrangement for the uncertainties of motherhood, needs help; not merely competent instruction and direction but paid home-help service, respectable, competent.

Human beings have seldom been hounded into nobility, but they can be helped to find the way. Perhaps if we criticized our young married people less and did something constructive for them; if we stopped deploring the rising divorce rate and put our energies into grappling with the causes, we might achieve a new generation of husbands and wives who would remain happily married for life—to the utter confounding of all the prognosticators. \*

## The Captive Heart

Continued from page 36

I went to sleep again, long after dawn had broken, and Barry's voice still rang in my ears. "Nothing will ever happen to me . . . while you feel like that . . ." When I awoke, unrefreshed, the words continued to echo through my mind. Oh, Barry, Barry, my whole heart was crying . . . deep down I've felt like that ever since you held me in your arms and said good-by . . . and for five long years your voice has been silent. Why must you come to haunt me now—when in so short a time I shall belong to Tony?

That day did not bring back the old sense of contentment. I went through the morning in a sort of restless daze. I could not look forward, and I did not dare look back. Every word Lou spoke was meaningless, and when little two-year-old Linda followed me, clamoring for attention, I felt helpless and distracted. Lou watched me anxiously. "Pat, I think you should lie down and try to sleep. You'll feel better then," she urged. I tried to answer lightly.

"I feel perfectly all right. Just a bit—excited." But when I saw my white face staring from the mirror, I knew she had reason for concern.

"Pat, has anything happened between you and Tony?" she asked again. "Sometimes I wonder even now, if you should . . ." But I cut her short.

"Nothing has happened. Everything is perfectly splendid," I insisted, and I went to my room to escape. I don't know what made me go to a high shelf in the cupboard and pull down a writing case, unopened for years. I turned it over with hands that trembled, and drew out a pile of thin letters postmarked in a far country. I looked at a snapshot of a boy, confident and laughing—and all at once I knew, as plainly as if a protective cloak had been pulled away, that beneath my throbbing heart the old wound was still fresh, the pain still vivid. For years I had lived under the opiate of my own common sense and desire to forget. Now in one revealed moment that soporific power was gone. I was appalled when I considered what this meant. This was unreasoning madness . . . to feel I wanted to turn and rush away, anywhere, from the man I was to marry—because of another man, lost to me five years before. It was a madness I must fight with every ounce of strength and wisdom I possessed. I could begin it, at least, by tearing those letters, unread into frag-

ments—and I put the picture back, face downward in a corner of the case. I went downstairs with renewed determination to be fair to Tony, to appreciate the love he was prepared to give me, and to spend the rest of my days being a good wife.

But why did Tony have to be the one to bring it up again? Did he sense that, beneath my calm, I was lost and frightened? That night we went to the theatre because we thought it would do us good, and afterward we sat in a quiet corner of a restaurant. We talked for a long time—bride-and-groom talk of our plans to decorate our hard-won small apartment. Then, without warning, Tony leaned forward. He held a spoon in his hand, and I saw that it was trembling.

"Pat, do you ever feel . . . as if you might get tired of me?"

For an instant I wondered how long I could stand these continuous gnawing doubts. Yet I managed to reply quietly, "Of course not, Tony. Why?"

He tried to laugh. "I don't know." Again that curious tension and pallor touched his face. "I start thinking—suppose someone else more attractive came along?"

"What of it? I'd be your wife."

He looked at me as if he would try to read my very soul.

"You mean you'd feel like that . . . whoever came along?"

I felt the stab of uncertainty. After all, what does any woman know of the forces of the future?

"Why . . . yes . . ."

"Everyone—except Barry?"

I sat straight and brought down my hand on the table, so hard that the dishes jangled. My voice, two pitches higher, sounded even to me like a stranger.

"Tony! If you ever mention his name to me again I—I won't have anything more to do with you in all my life!"

The hush that came was so profound that I felt, in a hideous second of complete consciousness, as if everyone in the whole place must be listening. Tony stared at me as if he could not believe me capable of such an outburst.

"All right. I won't mention his name." He rose abruptly, and reached for my coat. "Come on. Shall we get out of here? I think we both need a good night's sleep."

That was last night . . . and once again I had that dreadful dream. It was the same dream as the night before. Barry was calling me—calling, calling with an increased urgency in his voice, and Tony was holding me back.

This time I did not wake up scream-

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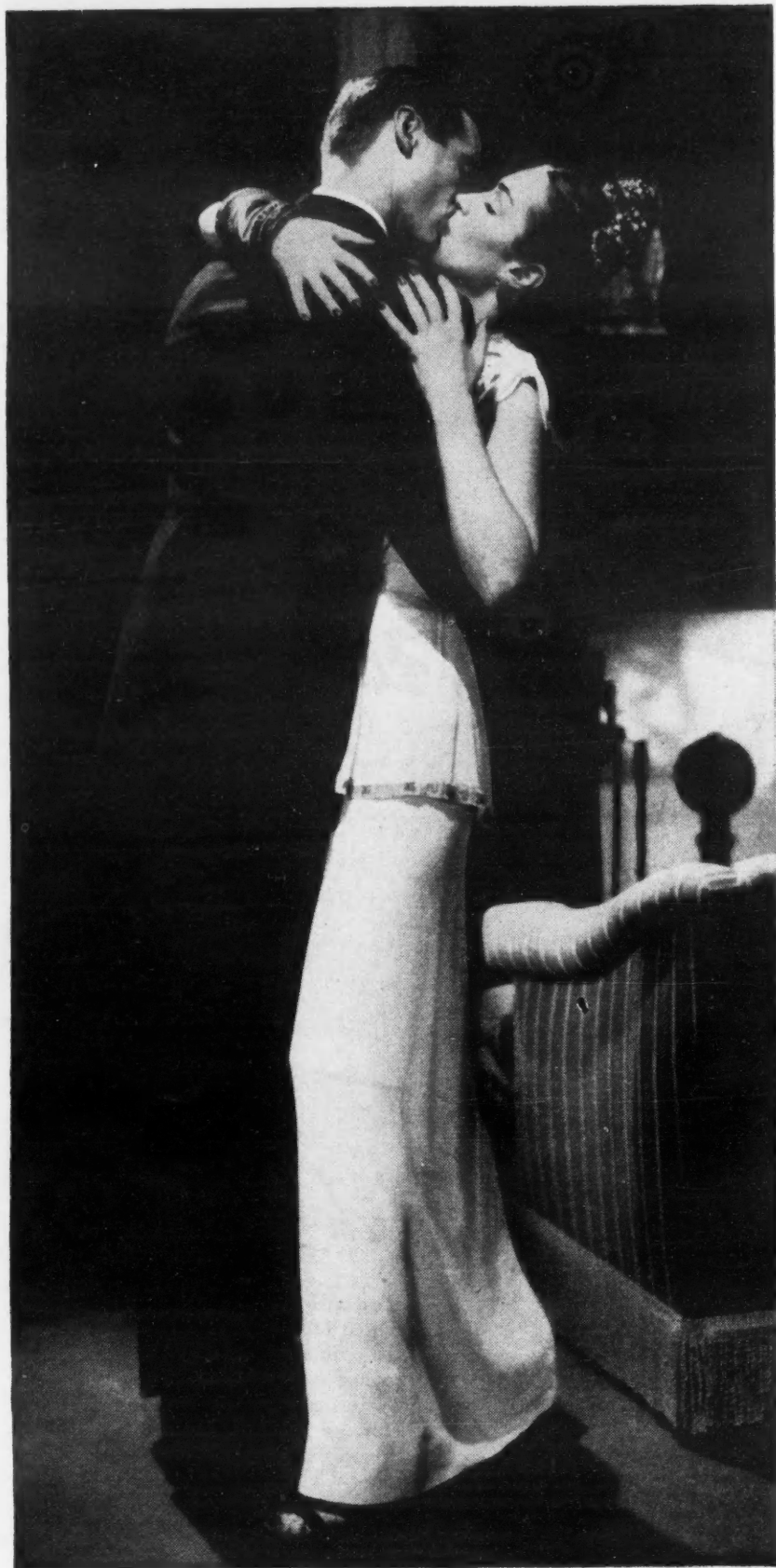


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BUT A YOUNG working woman may not wish to wait for her dream man to make good; she may decide to marry him and continue with her job. This matrimonial arrangement is becoming more and more common in Canada. Many of us are convinced that it is the chief factor in the spectacular rise of the Canadian divorce rate. Yet no modern family form is so well adapted to urban living. Because it is generally childless, this family can be comfortably housed in the small apartments provided in ever greater numbers in our cities. It patronizes restaurants and delicatessens. No heavy investment in furniture or other elaborate common possessions prevents its members moving from city to city to change jobs or take promotion. The double income, which is its cornerstone, makes possible a wide range of purchases and that conspicuous consumption of goods and services which, in a modern city, commands attention and respect. "Emancipated" is the scientific name for this type of family, and it has a bad record in the divorce courts.

The Emancipated family occupies definite sections of a city; it is at these addresses that the divorces are recorded; it is in these areas that the highest percentage of divorced persons live. Childless families break up in much greater numbers than do those of couples with children. A pregnancy strikes at the very basis of organization of an Emancipated family. Thus 80% of the couples residing in many of the Emancipated areas are reported by the Census as childless. Permanent marriage demands traditions, possessions in common, children, community ties. The Emancipated family has none of these prerequisites of stable matrimony. If this family is to rank as a family at all, and is not to be considered a mere companionate arrangement, it must make a more comprehensive adjustment to the modern world. If a specific Emancipated family is to survive more than a few brief years, its members must build into it deliberately the elements that history has shown to be characteristic of permanent groupings. The late Judge Ben Lindsey made a wise suggestion that companionate marriages be developed into Equalitarian families.

How can companionates be encouraged to make this development, and how can this modern ideal family form be best supported and strengthened? To answer these two questions competently would be to provide a most effective antidote for the divorce virus. The new factual approach to family living, which is engaging scientists, social workers and leaders in many fields in Britain and the United States and more recently in Canada, may ultimately give final answers to these questions. May I, in the meantime, offer three suggestions which I consider practical and which I believe can and should be acted on:

1. There should be set up in each important Canadian city at least one marriage counselling centre of the type established by Dr. Paul Popenoe in Los Angeles. The centre would provide professional guidance service, for which a fee is charged, to persons contemplating matrimony and to those already married. It should be staffed by psychologists, educators, and sociologists, as well as by doctors, psychiatrists and social workers.

2. Housing and living conditions in



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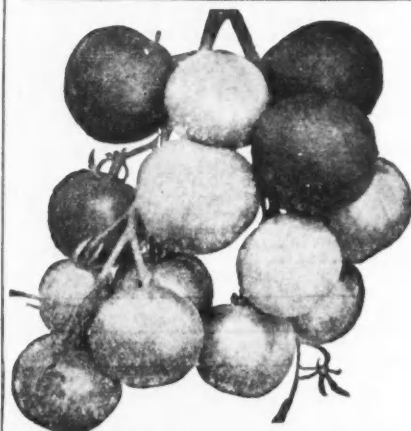
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ing. I lay in the darkness with eyes open wide, and my heart beating so fast it seemed that it must surely choke me. At first I did not know when I passed the borderline of unreasoning nightmare fear to conscious terror. It lay about my heart, cold, dense and heavy. Suddenly I knew. It was Tony. Not Tony as I knew him now, but Tony as he had appeared to me in those dreadful fantastic struggles of the night. At such times his eyes shone with a terrifying menace. I caught my breath when I realized why that menace in Tony's eyes had come back to haunt me. Once, in reality, Tony *had* looked like that, and it was a thing that I had come to believe had never been.

IT HAD been such a brief flash of revealed emotion, on that evening when we saw Barry off on his train. We were very gay down at the station, and I had not thought there was anything in our attitude to tell those around us of our real good-by—when Barry had folded his arms around me and had said things that would live on in my heart forever. Those words were sacred, mine alone. But Barry had said something else as well.

"I will come back to you. I know I will." He spoke with a conviction that for months had held my own head high. "But . . . if I don't, then remember I want you to be happy. Never let me stand in the way of anything that will bring you security and peace of mind." That was why I looked at Barry for just a moment at the station, forgetting to be gay—and thinking of the fineness of a man's soul when he could say that in parting. I don't know why I turned to look at Tony. A chill, sharp as the stab of an icicle, touched my heart. For if ever I had seen hatred, deep and exposed, in a man's eyes—I saw it in Tony's then.

The look was gone, so quickly it might not have been. All the way home Tony was kind and gentle, speaking of Barry as one of the best friends he had ever known. Tony did not once, until the proper time, forsake his role of old friend to both of us. No one could have been more considerate, more unflinching in sympathy. The memory of Tony's glance had completely faded from my conscious mind. It was only now that it registered in my brain so insistently that I slipped from bed, and went to Lou. I lay beside her, shivering.

"I can't marry him! I can't!" I said. "Lou—I'm too afraid. I know he hated Barry. He still hates him—and he always will. I can't do it. Lou, you've got to help me!"

If I went to Lou for sympathy that night, I did not get it. Poor Lou, she was tired and harassed, and my nerves and moods, even for a bride-to-be, were inexplicable. After all, I was not a child.

"Pat, you've got to pull yourself together," she told me sternly. "You're not being fair to anyone. It's ridiculous to start acting like a sentimental school-girl now, over a man who's been gone for five years. From what I know of Barry, he'd be the first to tell you to have more sense. In a week this will all seem like a dream, and you'll wonder what on earth possessed you. Now stay there while I get you some hot milk, and then for goodness' sake, clear your mind of all these silly fancies, and go to sleep."

+ Continued on page 63

## I HATE TO CLEAN TOILETS!



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lumberman says, "It is an absolute impossibility to manufacture lumber and turn it into construction at the rate it is being done today, and expect a first-class product." It takes from a year to a year and a half to adequately season lumber. War needs were so pressing that this seasoning time could not be allowed. Peace needs are just as insistent. The Canadian lumber industry has booked orders for its total volume of production years ahead. Eventually we'll get back to pre-war standards, but not soon.

THE SHORTAGE of seasoned lumber is the most serious problem facing Canadians who want to build houses. News of ways and means by which wood can be replaced in construction is therefore timely.

Masonry construction, a familiar substitute for wood, traditionally employs brick or stone. Now a material long used only for foundation walls is revealed as masonry's Cinderella! It's concrete block, which comes in units that can



Wood for structural framing of house can be replaced by steel. Fastening of members is shown.

be quickly laid and cost relatively little. As a matter of fact, the architect of one of our largest mortgage institutions claims a house built of concrete blocks faced with stucco costs less than one which has wood framing. An alternative method of finishing the block is to omit stuccoing and apply paint instead. A wall of this type looks especially well if vertical mortar joints are kept even with the face of the block and horizontal joints are recessed. A neat shadow line results, similar to that obtained with clapboard.

In northern United States, where climatic conditions approximate those of southern Canada, basementless houses frequently rest on a concrete slab poured directly on the ground. Where dwellings have basements, use of concrete floor joists is gaining popularity. They are made in a factory and delivered to the job just like wood joists. Light in weight, workmen can handle them easily. A concrete floor slab is poured directly on top of the joists. It is fireproof, rotproof and will not sag or warp. Asphalt tile, linoleum and hardwood are satisfactory as finishes.

STEEL IS another material that can do lumber's work and do it without shrinking or swelling. Besides being dimensionally stable, it is durable, rigid and simple to erect. Steel beams and columns are invariably found in well-built houses, and steel floor joists of the

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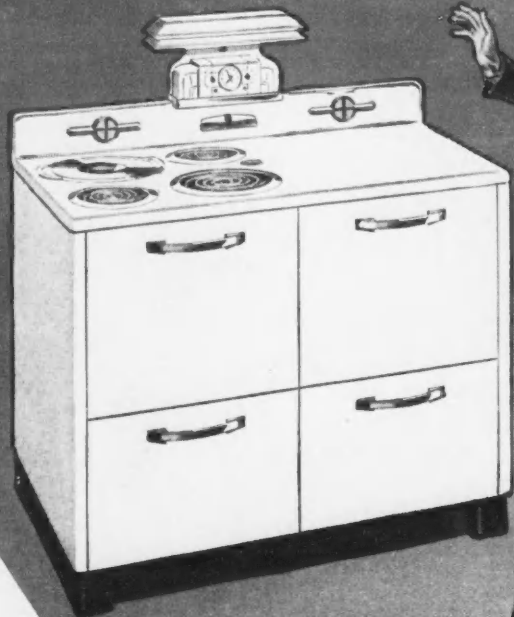
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Concrete blocks can provide an interesting textured finish for interior walls. Here they've been combined with concrete floor joists and slabs. All are painted.

## Substitutes for Wood

By John Caulfield Smith  
Architectural Editor

WHEN PEOPLE enquire if more building materials will be produced in 1946 than in 1945, I answer, yes. When they ask if pre-war standards of quality will be adhered to, I say, yes—with one exception.

Increased production does not necessarily mean that more materials will be available for builders of private houses. Huge stocks must be set aside for the construction of hospitals and veterans' housing. For what is left, strong competition will be encountered.

In so far as quality is concerned, bricks, cement, plaster and all but one of the innumerable other items that go into the construction of a house are as good as ever. Only lumber, which prior to the war accounted for 45 cents of every dollar spent on building materials, is substandard.

Explanation of this situation is not difficult, but for proper understanding it is essential to know three basic facts about lumber. First, we've increased our annual production by 40%. Second, two fifths of our total production is exported. Third, our domestic market is allotted the remaining three fifths.

At present, Canadians are actually getting more lumber for their own use

than they've had at any time during the past 10 years. This is not apparent to the public. The backlog of construction is so tremendous that whatever extra quantity exists is no more than a drop in the bucket of demand.

With lumber so urgently needed at home, the question arises: why not cut down on exports? Why is so much lumber being shipped out of the country? The domestic price ceiling is part of the answer. From a business standpoint there is every incentive to export as much lumber as possible; foreign buyers are prepared to pay a higher price than Canadians.

The main reason, however, is the Dominion Government's interest in maintaining exports. Most of our lumber goes to Europe and the United States. In the case of Europe, obligations to our Allies did not end on V-E Day. We must now send them materials necessary for the rebuilding of their devastated lands. As regards the United States, we must export as much of everything we can to that country in order to get American money with which to pay for our purchases there.

If we cannot better our supply of lumber, can the quality of what we get be improved? Unfortunately, no. As one

## I Miss the Women

Continued from page 16



Our Aggie: A typical schoolmam, with definite ideas of right and wrong.

disappointed when she spared them oratory or sensational scenes. When her husband's health was restored she stepped aside and let the popular George have his seat once again. She had merely kept the place warm for him.

But we remember her for the picturesque figure she added to the House, with her bright colors, her white hair, her twinkling smile. Before I got to know her well, I made allowances for her age. I was only kidding myself. In this her 80th year, Mrs. Black's mind is sharper than a lot of people's 40 years her junior. I conclude her case by saying that the lady from the Yukon, both as Member herself and Member's wife, has made an outstanding contribution. We can use a dozen Martha Blacks in Ottawa anytime anybody can find them.

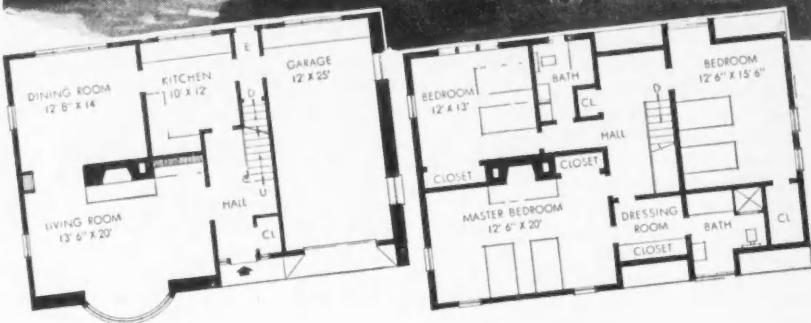
Surely the best orator of all our women parliamentarians was Dorise Nielsen from Saskatchewan. She had a strong voice and a flair for speaking. When she was on an unpopular subject, she had enough of the soapbox in her system to shout her hecklers.

Her first speech was an eloquent tear-jerker on the budget, as I recall it. When she told of balancing her meagre family budget while living on Saskatchewan relief, she had the House eating out of her hand. But later she was to lose that sympathy and esteem, though she made a slight comeback when Russia entered the war. At the end of her career, by backing Prime Minister King, she had at least won Liberal support. But she had made bitter enemies of the CCF, and they gave her the works.

Dorise Nielsen was a British-born schoolteacher who landed in remote Spiritwood, Sask., with a husband and, ultimately, three children. She struggled through the depression somehow, and out of her bitter experience came political ambition. She joined with the Rev. Walter G. Brown, Saskatoon, in what he was calling a Unity Party, and with nothing more than her own skill and her persuasive personality on the platform, she won a dramatic victory over a longtime Liberal Member.

In Ottawa her arrival was something of a sensation. She was striking to look at, with gorgeous black hair, an attractive face and no sparing of the make-up. She could speak effectively and thus hold her own in debate. But she became a Fellow Traveller, was known as M.P. for Moscow more often than for her

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At every vulnerable point where weather may strike, rustless copper protects this home against the ravages of storm and time. The handsome, fire-resistant standing seam copper roof will grow more beautiful through the years as weathering increases the depth of color tone. Copper gutters and downspouts, copper for chimney, dormer, door and window flashings, bronze insect screens and exterior hardware of solid brass or bronze complete the picture of long-lasting protection.

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When icy blasts seem to cut through like a knife and your joints seem to creak with every movement—there's a reason! Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. Rub those

aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 at your drugstore.

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Hot water heating by Crane is the most effective answer to the rigors and extremes of our Northern climate. Every day, in all types of Canadian homes from "show-places" to smallest cottages, Crane heating is proving its dependability, economy and ease of control. Capacities and prices cover the complete range of domestic requirements. When the time comes for you to build, buy or modernize, enjoy the tested, lifelong advantages of hot water heating. Instal Crane equipment throughout—heating unit\*, controls, piping and radiators.

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This little booklet, "Plumbing and Heating Pointers", can be read in a few minutes—gives the average householder the things he wants to know about the operation and care of his piping. It will help you to get the most out of your present equipment. You can get your copy at any Crane branch or by writing Head Office . . . if you do this now, it will help you this winter!

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1-605

open truss type are now on the market. Using metal mesh or ribbed steel forms, a concrete floor slab can be poured right on top of them.

A completely insulated all-steel prefabricated house was recently built in Ottawa. A different form of construction, pioneered by an American firm, features a structural steel frame which can be encased in brick or similar conventional material. Workmen can put up the frame without having had previous experience with steel buildings. Only ordinary carpenter's tools are required. The steel floor joists, wall studs and plates have a patented groove which makes it possible to drive nails into them!

Steel has already been employed in the United States in place of wood for entrance hoods, window sash and frames, stairways and baseboards. Clothes closets, kitchen cupboards and exterior siding are other applications. For outside use the steel is given a porcelain-finish which requires no painting, prevents rust and requires only a damp cloth to keep it clean. The British have also developed a steel siding, which comes with vertical ribs, is galvanized and finished with a special paint. Little time is required to install steel products. Because they are completely manufactured in the factory, all that is necessary on the site is to set them in place.

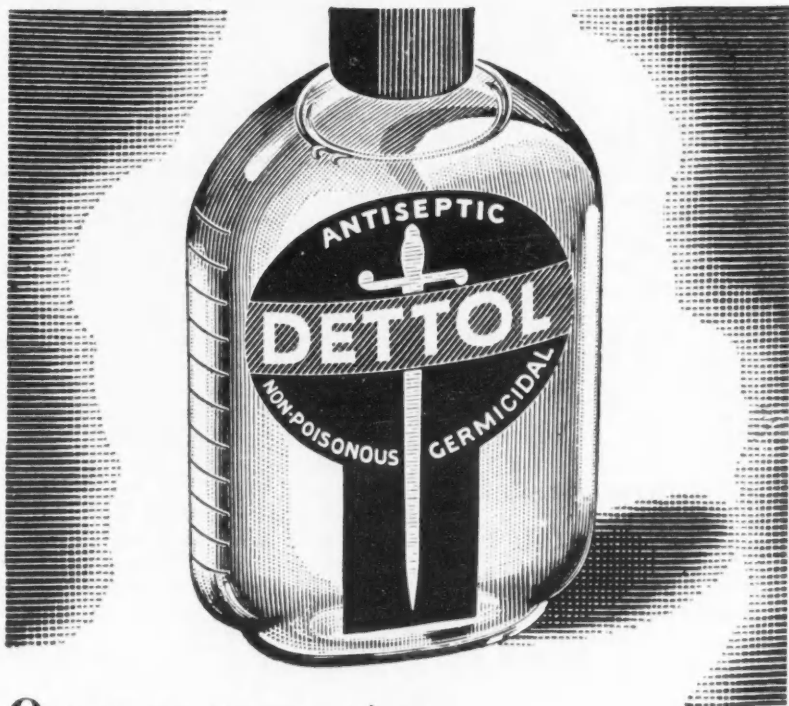
Wood shingles can be replaced by slate, tile, asbestos, asphalt or copper roofing. There are also new types of steel roofing, to say nothing of aluminum! Aluminum window sash is back in

production, and prefabricated houses now being made in Montreal are finished with aluminum siding. Incidentally, Canada supplied most of the metal for the 50,000 all-aluminum houses being erected in Great Britain.

In recent years new exterior sheathings have been introduced which possess advantages over ordinary wood sheathing. Walls sheathed with plywood are six times as strong as those sheathed with horizontal boarding, and its application cuts labor costs. Gypsum and impregnated wood fibre sheets that are large, strong and quickly nailed have been produced. For exterior wall finishing, mineral-surfaced siding and asbestos shingles are available. One unique composition board offers an insulating core with integral exterior and interior finish. With this a whole wall can be erected in place at one time.

Since some lumber must still be used in house building, the tendency of the structure to change its shape must be counteracted. Generous bracing and strengthening of critical members will help. As for preventing plaster cracks, metal lath and various types of wood fibre and gypsum lath have largely done away with the necessity for wood lath.

The gypsum industry not long ago announced a further improvement in lathing practice—an ingenious "floating nail" which is driven between, not through, the sheets of lath into wood wall studs. The lath is held firmly by means of a small clip or piece of metal mesh, leaving the nail free to move with the structure without disturbing the plaster. +



## Once upon a time

...doctors and nurses had to work with antiseptics which were strong-smelling and poisonous and definitely dangerous in any but expert hands. Fortunately those days are gone. The modern antiseptic

'Dettol', though several times more deadly to germs than pure carbolic acid, is not poisonous. It is pleasant to use, it does not pain, it does not stain, and it is so safe that if necessary you could use it in the dark.







## DON'T BE FOOLED BY THESE PICTURES . . .

• Would you believe it? Both these women are the SAME age . . . 26! Yet wouldn't you say the girl on the right is years older? That's the heart-breaking thing that your skin can do—it can make you look years older than you actually are!

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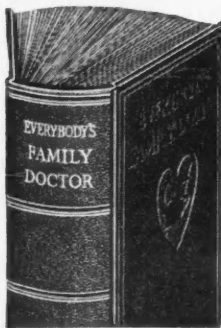
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+ Continued on page 65

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Without a refrigerator—whenever it's 20° above zero or colder outside! Just mix Londonderry, sugar and table cream (or evaporated or powdered milk)—put outside for a few minutes, then whip and freeze. No Cooking. Delicious, smooth—no ice crystals. (Use milk or skim milk for delicious frozen desserts.)

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Individual salad plates and a choice of soft drinks—simplicity itself for informal entertaining

**Parsley Dumplings**—Use your favorite dumpling recipe and add 3 table-spoonfuls of parsley to each 2 cupfuls of flour.

**Jellied Horseradish**—Steep a few cloves in a hot lemon jelly mixture. When partially set add grated horseradish—½ cupful to a package of prepared lemon jelly powder.

**Other Recipes** will be found in articles in this issue.

**Nutrition Note**—Citrus fruits and tomatoes are not the only sources of Vitamin C. During the winter months it hangs around in salad greens, cabbage and turnips. Serve them raw and often.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>WED 20</b>	Stewed Prunes Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Frankfurters and Sauerkraut Brown Rolls Fruit Cup Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Browned Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cereal Muffins Coffee Jelly Whip Tea
<b>THU 21</b>	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Scones Coffee	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Green Salad Mustard Pickles Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea	Corn Soup Minced Steak Patties Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Tea
<b>FRI 22</b>	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Crackers Prune and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea	Codfish Cakes Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Coleslaw Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee
<b>SAT 23</b>	Tomato Juice Brown Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee	Omelet with Creole Sauce Canned Berries Doughnuts Tea	Liver and Onions Browned Potatoes Carrots Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Tea
<b>SUN 24</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Brown Toast Coffee	Mushroom Soup Salmon and Celery Salad Cream Puffs Tea	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Lemon Prune Pie Coffee
<b>MON 25</b>	Grapefruit Sections Cereal Toast Coffee	Spaghetti, Sausage and Apple Rings Hard Brown Rolls Stewed Figs (cook enough for Tuesday) Tea	Tomato Soup Grilled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Creamed Turnips Bread Pudding Tea
<b>TUE 26</b>	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee	Onion Soup Peanut Butter Sandwich Orange, Apple and Banana Cup Tea	Baked Stuffed Haddock Creole Sauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Baked Caramel Custard Tea
<b>WED 27</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Kidney Steak with Curry Lettuce Salad Hot Biscuits Vanilla Rennet Custard Fruit Sauce Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Horseradish Parsley Potatoes Parsnips Gingerbread Lemon Sauce Coffee
<b>THU 28</b>	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee	Cheese Ravioli Green Salad Stewed Rhubarb Gingerbread (from Wednesday) Tea	Tomato Juice Cold Sliced Pot. Roast Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Tea



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Yes, Fry's is grand tasting cocoa—

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After skiing . . . after school . . . at meals . . .

at bedtime, Fry's is the family favourite. Mmmm . . . watch

their faces as they taste its chocolaty goodness—

and how good it is for them!

Its true-chocolate flavour and high food value  
have put Fry's in a class by itself.

Have you a tin on your pantry shelf?

Then treat your family today. Try the quick,

easy recipe below.



**FRY'S**  
*Cocoa.*

*Family Serving*

For each cup required, put in a jug one teaspoon  
of FRY'S and one of sugar . . . mix DRY . . .  
add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste  
... fill up with hot milk . . . stir and SERVE!





**W**ANT a specially fine cake for family or guests—yet one that saves scarce cake ingredients? Then . . . try one of the thrifty recipes here, and see how meltingly delicious cake can be! Even when you must skimp on butter or other shortening, on sugar or eggs, you'll find that results are *exceptional* with Swans Down.

Swans Down is made especially to make better cakes. Milled from the heart of choice Canadian wheat, Swans Down is sifted again and again through silk, until amazingly even and 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Sponge or butter type, quick or regular method, Swans Down makes lighter, more tender cakes . . . every time!

#### EGGLESS FUDGE CAKE

This rich-flavored, feather-light chocolate cake calls for just  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of shortening—and no eggs at all. It seems hardly possible—but remember, Swans Down's fineness and soft gluten work miracles, in every kind of cake!

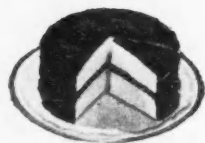
- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
- 1 cup milk
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon baking soda
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine chocolate and milk in top of double boiler. Cook over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes; stir occasionally. Blend with rotary beater; cool. Sift flour once, measure; add soda, salt and sugar and sift three times. Cream shortening, add flour mixture, vanilla and chocolate mixture; stir until all flour is dampened. Beat vigorously  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute. Bake in greased pan,  $8 \times 8 \times 2$  inches, in moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ) about 50 minutes. Or bake as layers. Fill and cover with white frosting. Pour on melted chocolate.

#### DELICIOUS TESTED RECIPES ON EACH PACKAGE



A Product of General Foods



#### LIGHT LAYER CAKE

You'll scarcely believe that a one-egg cake can be so light and tender—that cake using only  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of shortening can be so moist and rich-flavored! The secret? Swans Down's lightness and tender gluten!

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup shortening (part butter preferred)
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven ( $375^{\circ}\text{F.}$ ) 20 to 25 minutes. Fill and frost as desired.

## Meals of the Month

### FEBRUARY

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>FRI 1</b>	Stewed Prunes Bran Muffins Coffee	Cheese Toastwiches Potato Chips Canned Plums Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Salmon Macaroni Casserole Hot Pickled Beets Coleslaw Fruit Shortcake Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 2</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs and Vegetables on Toast Points Salad Greens Fruit Cup Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Wieners Mustard Pickles Mashed Potatoes Sauerkraut Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 3</b>	Grapefruit Juice Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee	Waffles Brown Rolls Tomato Jelly Salad Baked Apples with Cream Small Cakes Tea Fruit Punch	Bouillon Dressed Spareribs Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Ice Cream Tarts Coffee Tea
<b>MON 4</b>	Sliced Oranges Cereal with Chopped Raisins Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Brown Bread Head Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 5</b>	Tomato Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee	Potato Soup Crackers Jellied Fruit Salad Bran Flake Muffins Tea Cocoa	Macaroni and Eggs in Mustard Sauce Ginger Carrots Mixed Greens Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>WED 6</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Liver and Onions Celery Carrot Sticks Prune Whip Frosted Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Meat Pie Browned Potatoes Squash Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>THU 7</b>	Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cereal Scones Coffee	Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes Canned Fruit Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Broiled Ham Slice Riced Potatoes Creamed Onions Dutch Apple Pie Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 8</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Breaded Oven-cooked Fillets of Haddock Tartar Sauce Mashed Potatoes Peas Fruited Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 9</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Assorted Cold Meats Hashed Browned Potatoes Homemade Pickle Half Grapefruit Tea Milk	Veal Stew with Parsley Dumplings Grated Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 10</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Corn Chowder Croquettes Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (Lamb Chop, Sausage, Kidney) Scalloped Potatoes Peas Jellied Prunes Cookies Coffee Tea
<b>MON 11</b>	Stewed Figs Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee	Sausage Noodle Casserole Lettuce Salad Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 12</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Fresh Coffee Cake Conserve Coffee	Baked Stuffed Potatoes Vegetable Salad Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Smoked Fish (baked in milk) Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
<b>WED 13</b>	Orange Segments Cereal Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Turnip Sticks Grapes Loaf Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Cherry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
<b>THU 14</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Chicken Curry with Rice Coleslaw Cinnamon Apple Compote Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Pork Chops Potatoes au Gratin Brussels Sprouts Valentine Charlotte Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 15</b>	Apple Juice Pancakes Syrup Coffee	Russian Haddock Lettuce Salad Lemon Jelly Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Spinach Ring with Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs Buttered Carrots Parsley Potatoes Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 16</b>	Stewed Fruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Macaroni Vegetable Soup Crackers Prune and Cheese Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Baked Sweet Potatoes Buttered Onions Baked Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 17</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Salad Jellied Horseradish Pumpkin Tarts Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Grilled Steak Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Fruit Ice Cream Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
<b>MON 18</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee	Creamed Cottage Roll and Peas on Toast Celery Hearts Canned Raspberries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Brown Sauce Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 19</b>	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast Head Lettuce Salad Custard Molds with Syrup Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Hot Deviled Eggs with Mustard Sauce Baked Potatoes Celery Orange and Grapefruit Cup Coffee Tea

# Oh Boy! Pancakes

by Helen G. Campbell

MAKE PANCAKES with prepared pancake flour. Or mix your own. Like this: Sift and measure  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of pastry flour and sift into a bowl with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-quarters teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter teaspoonful of soda. Make a well in the centre and break in one egg. Add one cupful of milk and beat all together to form a nice smooth batter. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening or bacon dripping and blend. Cook on a hot ungreased griddle or heavy frying pan.

Serve with crisp bacon, sausage or fried bologna for breakfast or brunch. Or as dessert after a salad luncheon. For accompaniment use maple or corn syrup, jelly, marmalade or an orange or lemon sauce.



A pitcher or a cup with a lip makes neat, quick work of pouring the batter.



Time to peek when the upper surface is full of bubbles and the edges cooked.



Up and over—safely! One flip to each—no more, puts a tan on both sides.



Three more to the ascending stack! Smiles grow wider as the pile goes up.



Pancakes to order—piping hot from the griddle. Pass the syrup please!



## "Sorry—that was the last Jell-O Pudding"

BECAUSE tempting, easy-to-fix Jell-O Puddings are still scarce these days, there's apt to be a near-riot when they appear at your grocer's or on the family table.

Of course luck will probably send you a package now and then. You may even get still-scarcer Jell-O. And when you do, you'll want to make the most of it! So you'll be glad for recipes like those here and on the package, that make each box go further—and deliciously!



A package of Jell-O Pudding  
—8 marvelous servings!

**Lemon Fluff Pudding:** Make Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as directed on package. Add 4 tablespoons lemon juice and  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind. When pudding cools, fold in 1 egg white, beaten stiff; chill in dessert glasses lined with fingers of light cake.

A package of Jell-O  
—8 delicious servings!

**Ham Luncheon Loaf:** Dissolve 1 package Lemon or Lime Jell-O in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar. When partially set, add  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup mayonnaise, 1 cup cooked rice,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup (each) celery and cooked ham. Chill. Serve with lettuce and dressing.



*Jell-O Puddings*  
Like Grandma's—only more so!



What's found only in Jell-O?  
That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

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# Let's KEEP IT in the FAMILY



Of course we'll keep it in our family... but I mean, keep it in the Westinghouse family! All our electric appliances are going to be Westinghouse... including that new True-Temp Refrigerator...



... And the modern, streamlined Westinghouse Electric Range that makes every meal and every dish a real cooking triumph.

Then there's the new Radio-Phonograph we want for the living-room. It's going to be a Westinghouse, like our portable.



As for the laundry... the Westinghouse Cushioned Action Washer has solved that long-standing problem with real efficiency and economy!

## Every house needs Westinghouse

Table Appliances, too, for every household task are all members of the famous Westinghouse family.



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# Pie Hungry?

You use only a little shortening when you make these one-crusters. And with their contents proudly displayed, they'll make the end of the meal something to look forward to

## Grape Sponge Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon
- 3 Eggs, separated
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of grape juice

Line a 9-in. pie plate with pastry, prick and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven (425 deg. F.). Cool. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Sift the flour and salt together and add to the creamed mixture, then add the lemon juice and rind. Beat the egg yolks until light, add the grape juice and stir into the first mixture. Finally fold in the beaten egg whites and pour into the cool, partially baked pie shell. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes or until set.

## Eggnog Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of thin cream or rich milk, scalded
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- Baked pastry shell

Soften the gelatine in the milk. Scald the cream or milk in a double boiler. Combine the sugar and egg yolks and stir in a little of the hot cream. Return all to the double boiler and cook, stirring until the custard coats a spoon. Stir in the softened gelatine until dissolved. Remove from the heat, add the vanilla. Cool until slightly thickened, then fold in the egg whites, beaten until stiff. Pour into a cool baked pastry shell, sprinkle nutmeg over the top and chill until firm.

## Lemon Prune Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Lemon, juice and grated rind
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of cooked pitted prunes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of sugar

Combine the sugar, flour and salt and mix with the beaten egg yolks. Add the water and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Add the lemon juice, rind and the butter. Stir until well blended and turn the mixture into a baked pie shell. Cut the pitted prunes in pieces and arrange on top of the lemon filling. Sprinkle with the chopped walnuts. Cover with meringue made by adding the quarter cupful of sugar to the stiffly beaten egg whites and continuing to beat until the mixture will hold its shape in peaks. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes—or until delicately browned.

## Marbled Custard Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 3 Cupfuls of milk, scalded

Line a 9-in. pie plate with pastry and chill for an hour. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar, salt and vanilla and slowly pour in the scalded milk. Mix well and strain into the chilled pie crust. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat to 325 deg. F. and continue baking for 25 minutes or until the custard is firm. Cool. Drizzle melted semisweet chocolate over the surface in a decorative pattern.

## Jellied Pumpkin Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of cold water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of canned pumpkin
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of molasses
- 1 Egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground ginger
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Scald together the milk, pumpkin, butter and molasses in a double boiler. Stir a little of this mixture into the lightly beaten egg yolk, then return to the double boiler and continue cooking and stirring for two minutes longer. Combine the sugar, salt, ginger and cinnamon and add to the pumpkin mixture. Stir in the softened gelatine and mix thoroughly. Let cool, beat with a Dover egg beater and let stand in the refrigerator until slightly thickened. Pour into a baked pastry shell and chill until firm. Sprinkle the top with chopped nuts before serving.

## Coffee Chiffon Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- $\frac{3}{8}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 1 Cupful of freshly made strong coffee
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Bake a pastry shell and cool. Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Combine the sugar, salt, cinnamon and egg yolks, add the coffee gradually, place over hot water and cook until the mixture is of a custardlike consistency. Stir in the softened gelatine until dissolved. Add the vanilla. Chill until slightly thickened, then beat until light and foamy. Fold in the egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pour into the cool pastry shell. Top with whipped cream when available. +

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**The Captive Heart**

Continued from page 50

Lou's words, vigorous and sound, did what my own attempts at reason had not accomplished. I went to sleep, heavily and dreamlessly, and I slept on, far through the morning. When I opened my eyes, Lou was there, insisting that I stay in bed. "We don't want a poor weak thing, collapsing at her wedding," she said firmly. When Tony called, she wouldn't let him see me.

But when she came up later, I felt that she too was disturbed. "Frankly I don't know what's the matter with the pair of you," she said. "I'd say Tony had a bad case of premarital jitters himself."

I sat up.

"Did he say he didn't want to marry me?"

Again she was reproving. "Pat, don't be silly. Tony's so much in love with you, he can't think of anything else. It's just... he seems afraid he might not make you happy, and I think you're the one who's made him feel that way."

I didn't argue. I couldn't. I can't argue now, even though my brain is turning, turning, in a dull slow rhythm which brings no reason or relief. I should talk to Lou again, and yet I can't. How can I make her understand a thing I cannot even understand myself! Perhaps it is a trick of the nerves. Perhaps if I sleep again, sensibly, dreamlessly, when I awaken in the morning, all this futile conflict will be gone.

AND SO yesterday I awoke to my wedding day. I went downstairs, and forced myself to be bright and calm. I opened letters, parcels and telegrams, and tried to chatter about each. Lou looked on with visible relief. We were to start out for the church at two, and at one-thirty I was dressed. I had refused to wear white. Somehow white belonged to the dreams of my youth. Instead I wore soft blue, with a wide-brimmed hat to match. My cheeks had more color than usual, and my eyes were clear and bright. My little nieces looked on admiringly, and I was reassured. It seemed I looked the picture of a happy healthy bride.

Lou came to my bedroom.

"Pat, Tony is downstairs. He says he wants to see you. I told him that he really shouldn't, but..."

"Is it something important?"

"No. I asked him. Pat... why do you look at me like that?"

I drew a deep breath. "I don't know," I answered honestly. "Lou, it isn't... any news?"

She stared. "News—about what?"

"I don't know." The tenseness left me. I didn't know... for there was no news now that could affect the course of my wedding day. Lou's face was doubtful.

"Then—do you want to see him?"

"Why, of course. I'll go down."

I went to Tony—and he came forward swiftly and caught my hands. His fingers were cold.

"Pat—you're lovely!"

He stared at me for what seemed minutes. I tried to pull my hands away. I scarcely recognized the voice that spoke as my own.

"Is that... all you want to say?"

Suddenly, out of the silence, I drew my hands away.

"Tony, I can't marry you!" I said. I



**"MUSTARD  
POULTICES  
HELPED PREVENT  
SEVERE  
COLDS"**

SAID MRS. McLELLAND

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**Uses Mustard Poultices  
on Children**

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housewife, Mrs. McLelland finds that mustard poultices help to relieve many other every-day complaints, such as severe cramps and backache. She also finds that a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of mustard in a foot bath of water makes a comforting treatment. The unique properties of mustard help give relief to many who suffer rheumatic pains or from the pains of arthritis, neuralgia, or neuritis. Mothers, new and old, trust safe, reliable mustard as a home remedy. The mustard treatments, either as poultices or baths help give quick, soothing relief from chills, colds and other winter infections.

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D.S.F.  
MUSTARD**



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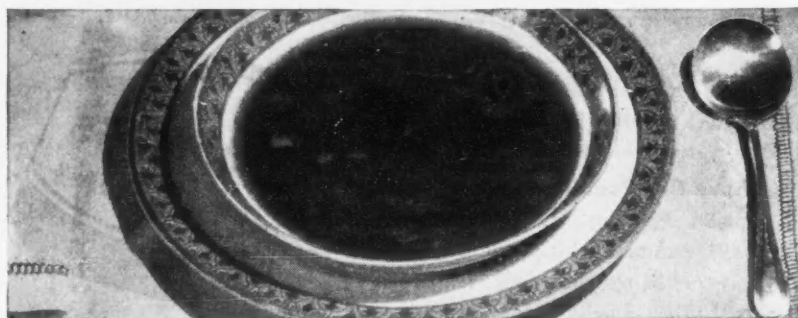
Of course Shirriff's Lushus is a dessert so delicious everyone wants it. But the sugar shortage is still master of the situation, and we can't make quite enough Lushus to fill the demand. However, we are distributing it as fairly as we can. If you're lucky enough to see Lushus, buy it — and your family will agree that it's the top dessert of them all.



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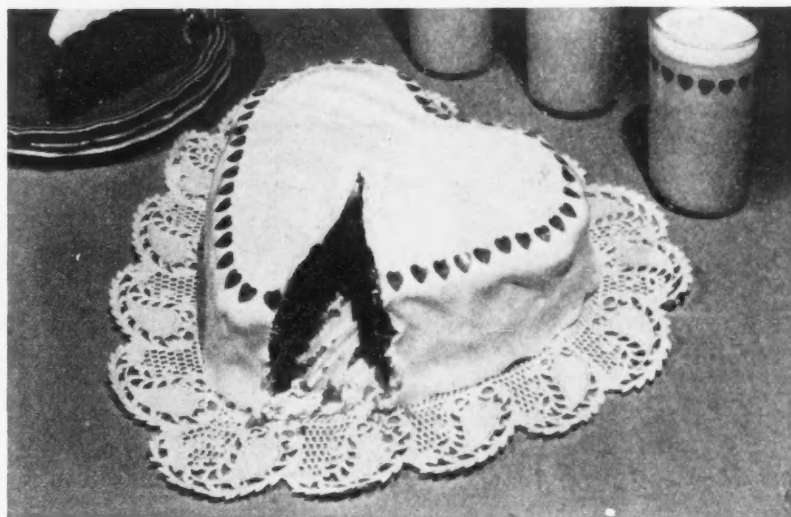
**BEEFY BROTH**  
(Serves 6)

1/4 cup chopped celery; 1/4 cup chopped onion; 1/2 cup diced carrot; 6 cups boiling water, carrot; 3 cups Fluid OXO cubes or 3 tsp. Fluid OXO; 1/2 tsp. salt; 1/2 cup peas; 1/2 cup tomato juice. Cook 1/2 cup onion and carrot in boiling water fifteen minutes. Then add OXO and salt. Finally add the canned peas and tomato juice. Serve with crisp crackers or croutons.

**OXO**  
Prepared from  
**PRIME RICH BEEF**



**VALENTINE CHARLOTTE** — Make your favorite Lemon Snow or Jellyed Vanilla Sponge. Add maraschino cherries, halved, quartered or sliced, and a little of the cherry juice. "Set" in heart-shaped molds and turn out for serving, accompany with tiny, filled cookies.



**A HEARTY** cake for St. Valentine. Cream 1/2 cupful shortening with 1 cupful brown sugar; 2 eggs. Add 1/2 cupful bran softened in 1/2 cupful milk. Sift in 1 1/2 cupfuls flour, pinch of salt, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful each cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg. Medium oven.



**FROSTY FINISH!** A quart of ice cream will serve seven or eight when piled in baked pastry shells. Buy it or make it in a hand freezer or your mechanical refrigerator. Top with home-canned cherries for a Valentine dessert that's easy as wink and very partyish.

## I Miss the Women

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I looked at Tony for a long while in silence. No, I thought. You're a military servant. You couldn't say. Not when it involved the thing you wanted most. Tony, you can't be honest and say you held back vital information only in the path of duty.

And yet, by waiting—by hoping there would be no news until after we were married—you worked more surely, and with more influence on my subconscious mind than you could have known. You almost won—and yet, by the very things you brought back to my mind, and to my heart—you failed!

Tony reached out as if he would take the slip of paper from me—but he drew his fingers back before he touched it.

"Pat!" he said, just once in a queer cracked voice. Then, without a word more, he turned and left me. I knew that when he went out of the door, he went out of my life forever. Curiously enough, there was no censure in my heart. There was too much solemn thankfulness—and there was pity, deep and familiar, for a man who all his life had been weak when he could have been strong. "Poor Tony!" I whispered—and as Lou looked at me, bewildered, I handed her the telegram.

"Freed from prison camp," it read. "Well and eager to be home. Could you possibly be waiting? . . ."

My heart leaped up in a crazy surge. Could I possibly be waiting? Oh Barry, yes! By the narrow margin of sheer minutes I'm still yours, as in my heart I've been yours from the day I followed you as your captive princess. And now, from this day on, I shall be waiting . . . waiting. +



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**SYBILLA SPAHR'S REMEDY**

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Continued from page 56

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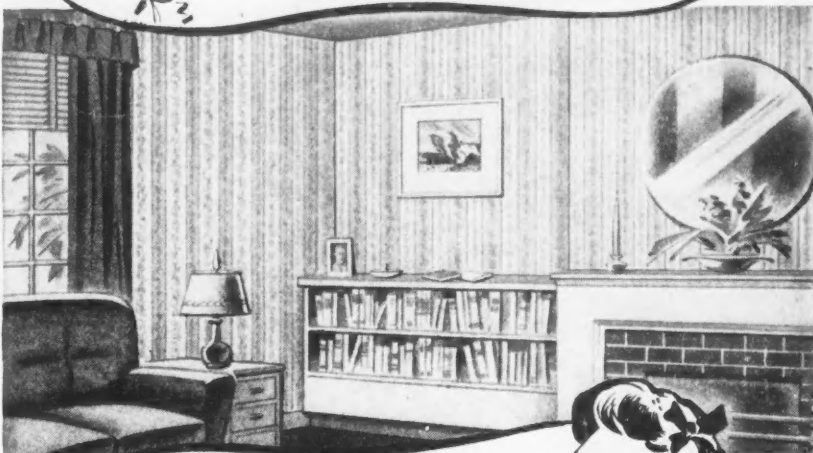
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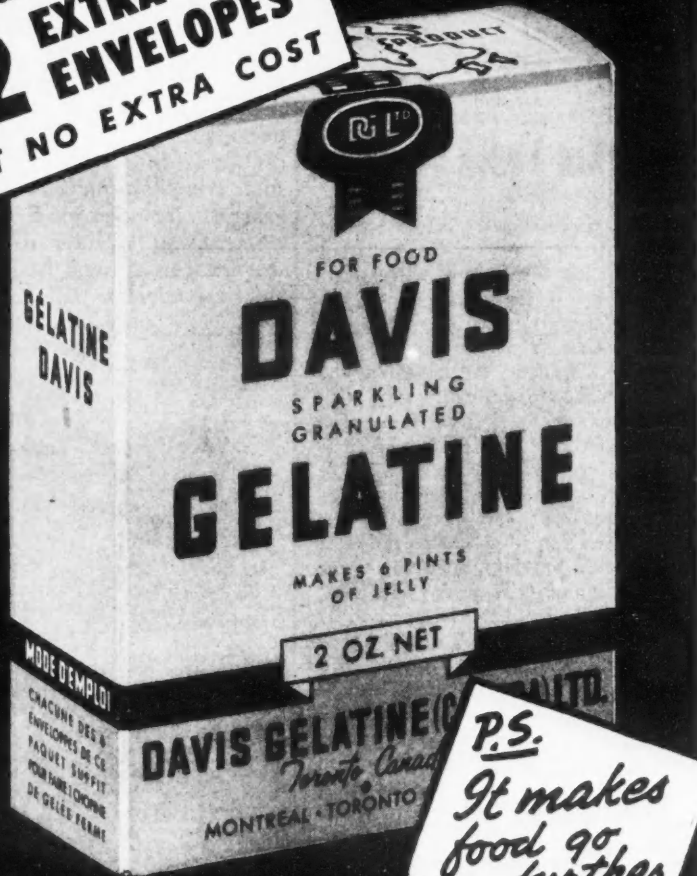
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"No—no! I didn't know. I swear I didn't know! I'd only heard rumors that his name might be among this latest release. It wasn't official. I didn't know—and I couldn't say . . .!"

I looked at Tony for a long while in silence. No, I thought. You're a military servant. You couldn't say. Not when it involved the thing you wanted most. Tony, you can't be honest and say you held back vital information only in the path of duty.

And yet, by waiting—by hoping there would be no news until after we were married—you worked more surely, and with more influence on my subconscious mind than you could have known. You almost won—and yet, by the very things you brought back to my mind, and to my heart—you failed!

Tony reached out as if he would take the slip of paper from me—but he drew his fingers back before he touched it.

"Pat!" he said, just once in a queer cracked voice. Then, without a word more, he turned and left me. I knew that when he went out of the door, he went out of my life forever. Curiously enough, there was no censure in my heart. There was too much solemn thankfulness—and there was pity, deep and familiar, for a man who all his life had been weak when he could have been strong. "Poor Tony!" I whispered—and as Lou looked at me, bewildered, I handed her the telegram.

"Freed from prison camp," it read. "Well and eager to be home. Could you possibly be waiting? . . ."

My heart leaped up in a crazy surge. Could I possibly be waiting? Oh Barry, yes! By the narrow margin of sheer minutes I'm still yours, as in my heart I've been yours from the day I followed you as your captive princess. And now, from this day on, I shall be waiting . . . waiting. +



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Cartoon by Ruth Collins

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# CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

## Spastic Children

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

EVERY now and then you have seen a young person walking along the street in a stiff, jerky, limping way. As he passed you, his face might have been contorted into a grimace, and if you heard him speak you probably would have had trouble in understanding him. The chances are that this unfortunate individual is a spastic. From his appearance you might think that he was a mental defective—that his intelligence was low—but you might quite easily be mistaken in that judgment. Many of these people have good intellectual ability. Their difficulty is in controlling their over-tense and unruly muscles. Most people look upon them with a mixture of curiosity and dismay, which makes life very hard for them. Why are they like this? What are the causes of the trouble?

First of all, it is not due to any fault on the part of their parents. It is the result of some abnormal development or injury to the brain. The trouble may originate before birth or during birth. It may follow an attack of brain fever (encephalitis) or other brain disease or injury in early or later life. When it originates before birth it usually is due to a lack of development or to some malformation in the brain. Many of these cases are very severely afflicted and little can be done for them.

As for the child that is injured during birth, his prospects are often better. The damage may occur in a perfectly normal birth under the best of care. It has happened even in Caesarean section births, in which of course the baby's head is not subjected to any pressure. In difficult births it occurs more frequently, but even under these unfavorable circumstances it is not really common. In many of these cases the trouble is due to the breaking of some of the blood vessels in the upper part of the brain. In premature babies, that is babies born before the normal time, the blood vessels have weaker walls and therefore these unfortunate brain haemorrhages are a little more liable to occur.

The extent of the damage to the brain and the resultant handicaps vary greatly from patient to patient. If a large area of the brain is affected, all four limbs of the child may be stiff or even rigid. If a smaller part on one side of the brain is injured, the arm and leg on the opposite side may be stiffly paralyzed. In other patients both legs or only one limb may be affected.

There are two other unpleasant symptoms that often distress these unfortunate. The first is tremor or trembling, especially when they start to move. For instance, the hand may tremble unmercifully when they go to pick up an object. The second is equally disturbing as it consists of irregular, purposeless movements of the face, the limbs or the whole body.

THE MENTAL ability of these children varies greatly, depending on the degree of development of their brains. Some unfortunately can learn very little; others are very intelligent even though they are badly handicapped physically. With proper training they can and do become valuable citizens. Without it they are a liability instead of an asset to the community.

A newborn baby naturally moves his arms and legs aimlessly. As he grows older these irregular movements cease and he learns how to grasp objects, sit, stand and walk. In early infancy, parts of the brain, including the upper part, are not fully developed. Until this development takes place, the child cannot control his movements. In the spastic child the upper part of the brain may never function normally, and these random movements therefore often persist. A normal child learns to sit, stand and then walk without very much effort. In the spastic youngster these skills are learned only after constant practice. He has to train the remaining normal part of his upper brain to do this work for him. He has to concentrate on each movement until he becomes so familiar with it that finally he can carry it out without conscious thought. If he is not trained patiently and skilfully, he may not learn how to do many things that he is capable of doing.

Spastic children suffer from more fatigue than normal youngsters. This is probably due to two causes—the increased effort needed to control his movements and the excessive amount of tension or tone that is present in his muscles. Therefore these youngsters need more rest than normal children.

Very often the handicap is not observed during the first few months of life. Then it is noticed that the baby doesn't use one arm or one leg as much as the other, or that perhaps his limbs on one side are stiffer than on the other. He doesn't sit up as soon as he should and all his progress is very slow. This baby as well as any other baby should be given the best care possible, including suitable food, fresh air, sunshine and plenty of sleep.

As the whole future of such a child depends on the amount of mental ability that he possesses it is important to have a mental or psychometric test done on him as soon as that is possible. Usually it is not until he is three or four years of age that any kind of a mental test can be carried out satisfactorily. Even then such tests are difficult and not entirely reliable because the child cannot move his limbs in a normal way and the presence of strangers and unusual surroundings make him more awkward than usual. These children are much more easily upset by fear, anger or excitement than ordinary children. Provided the child has even fair intelligence he can be greatly helped by special care and training. + *Cont'd on next page*

## Vicks Scientists Perfect Home-Plan For You To Use This Winter!

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colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds! Now this tested Vicks Plan is ready for you to use in dealing with colds.

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She has a terrible sense of frustration, she has told me, and doubts if she will ever be able to accomplish much as an opposition member. She now finds, of course, that you can talk big on the prairie, but you find you become awfully unimportant among several hundred others in Parliament. I think this place has humbled Gladys Strum a little.

She doesn't want to be considered just as a woman. She hates like the dickens to see women mentally disfranchise themselves by their indifference to politics.

"The price of wheat is as much the wife's business as the husband's," she has often said. "If a binder costs more than it should, then it robs the children and it deprives the home of something. Freight rates are mother's concern as well as father's. Fifty-two per cent of our voters are women, yet they stay submerged!"

Mrs. Strum wants the women to vote, not just as women, but because they must share these concerns equally with the men.

What has impressed me so far about the Lady Strum is that she is content to listen, to learn. In appearance she is not too tall, has a high receding brow. Her face is pleasant, her eyes unusual. I can't figure them out yet, but I think I see mastery and will power there. Time will tell. She has a beautiful smile and exquisitely shined teeth.

Her room is by far the most feminine of all the rooms used by the lady M.P.'s thus far. The draperies and furniture make it cosy and boudoir-like after the austere cells of the men.

Parliament is young as I write this, and I am here on no neck-sticking-out project as to Gladys Strum's future attainments. I think, if she is given a chance to show her stuff, that she will come through. Meanwhile, I am glad we have salvaged at least one woman M.P. from last election day. +

## To Train Youth Leaders

IT IS a time-honored custom on the retirement of a Governor-General from office that Her Excellency be presented with a gift—a token of respect and affection—from the women of Canada. Princess Alice, who with her husband, the Earl of Athlone, will be leaving the Dominion shortly, has expressed a wish that such a gift take the form of a foundation fund to be used for the training and developing of Canadian youth leaders. To speed the plan a primary committee has been organized in Ottawa, and a small committee is now at work in each province, operating under the direction of its Honorary President, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor. It is hoped that all women's organizations and public-spirited individuals will participate in the Princess Alice Foundation Fund, annual revenue from which will be used to train young people for work among their own age groups, to facilitate Canadian attendance at international conferences, and to exchange youth leaders among the Commonwealth nations.

Donations, made payable to the Fund, are now being received at the offices of the Lieutenant-Governors of the various provinces. +

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you come  
first!




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# Training Your Child

By DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.

## The Nagging Evil

**S**HAKESPEARE has immortalized the nagger in "The Taming of the Shrew." Unfortunately the impression which the average reader gleans from this comedy is that nagging is a rare phenomenon and largely confined to wives. This is a tragic fallacy. Nagging is one of the most widespread of human behavior patterns and began when Eve nagged Adam into eating the apple. It has flourished ever since. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts, bosses and even clergymen have been known to nag, and sometimes in retaliation children imitate their nagging parents. It is seldom that a nagger acknowledges the fault in himself although condemning it in others. Nagging has an insidious growth. It creeps up on a person, beginning with gentle admonition and ending as the scolding of a termagant. Nagging in a home or outside—perhaps especially outside—

causes more human unhappiness than any other single pattern of behavior. It is never dramatic or violent, but it is more like the persistent irritation of a mosquito bite or the shingles. Because it is seldom fatal it has been endured and has become, as intimated above, a universal, if not chronic, mental ailment.

There are five ways in which one person can influence another to comply with his wishes. 1. An order or a command. 2. Persuasion. 3. Physical force. 4. Coaxing or bribery. 5. Nagging, scolding, whining or sulking.

Orders or commands are properly employed where one is in authority and where one expects to be obeyed and when an effective sanction can be employed in the event of disobedience.

Persuasion is the most acceptable method of influencing another, since the latter always has the privilege of choosing whether to comply or not but must accept the consequence in either case.

Physical force has a limited field of usefulness and places upon the user a grave responsibility which unfortunately in many cases is ignored.

Coaxing and bribery lead only to the corruption of the party of the second part.

Nagging should never be used at all.

From the many cases that are brought to a consultation centre a few may be cited. A mother complained that her daughter of 12 would never help her with the dishes. During a private interview with the daughter, she said that her mother not only harped on her laziness but when she *did* dry the dishes her mother kept telling her how to do them, how not to do them, how to pile them, which ones to do first and so on. A child of four dawdled over his meals; the mother denied that she nagged, but when an observer was allowed to keep a record of a mealtime it was discovered that the mother admonished or urged or disparaged the child 72 times in 25 minutes! Another mother complained that her daughter of 15 would never come home in the evening by 10.30, which was the deadline. The daughter's comment was to the effect that home life was a continuous sermon, and whether she came home early or late there was always fault finding, so what was the use?

NOW NAGGING just doesn't grow like Topsy but is the symptom of three major faults in the nagger's personality. First, indecision. The nagger seldom makes up his mind definitely on any plan of action. Starting with a whim,

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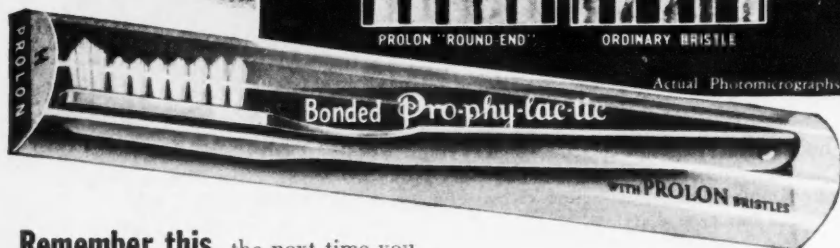


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"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

### PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

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Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

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Practical psychologist and  
mother of three of the kind of  
children you'd like to know

"WHENEVER I asked Carol to help me with some little task, she sulked and grumbled and made such a fuss that I finally did the job myself and saved all that unpleasantness. But I'm not happy about the solution, because I think children should learn to do things to help."

Yes, mother, young people must be trained, while they are still young, to ASSUME RESPONSIBILITIES and TAKE PRIDE IN ACHIEVEMENT. Start when your little girl is quite young—give her a simple duty that she must perform regularly every day.

Don't make a child think it is something distasteful, a chore that you are too busy to do yourself. But rather, teach her to accept her job as part of her life—make her feel PROUD THAT SHE IS ABLE TO DO THE JOB ALL BY HERSELF! Don't make the job a difficult one—and by all means, DON'T EXPECT PERFECTION. Give praise where praise is due, and in that way you'll encourage her to do careful work.

You may have to put up with a little grumbling at first, but if you are patient and make her feel that her job is important, and you are depending on her to do it, you'll find that she will be pleased to help.

It's easier for a child if she learns while she's young, the SELF-RELIANCE and PERSONAL SATISFACTION that come from doing little jobs promptly and well.

### Breakfast "Scenes"?

Very often breakfast is the most difficult meal of the day. The children 'play' with their food, complain about the family cereal, and generally make the meal-hour unpleasant. Often this is the remedy—serve a cereal that's FUN as well as FLAVOURFUL! Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Have the children listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop Rice Krispies make when you pour milk on them. Soon they'll be so intrigued they'll forget to fuss, and next thing you know they'll be back for more. "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Get some tomorrow!

*Janet Power*

### THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mother's Forum, Box CH-12, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My boys didn't like to wash" writes Mrs. Gilarski

... "just like all little boys, soap and water didn't appeal in the least to my two—so I hit on this plan to make a game out of washing. I made a chart for each of them and gave them a gold star for each time they washed without being scolded. At the end of the week, the winner got his reward of a movie. Now, both of them go to a show every Saturday afternoon!"

+ Continued on page 71

Such a  
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Baby!



because his skin  
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When baby's skin is chafed, chapped and irritated, he gets mad—and he lets you know it! To help keep his skin comfortably moist and smooth, use Cuticura Antiseptic Baby Oil every day. This pure, bland, delicately fragrant oil not only soothes and lubricates, its scientific medication gives antiseptic protection—helps prevent diaper rash, buttocks scald, impetigo, prickly heat and many other itching, smarting irritations. Will not stain clothing or turn rancid. Buy Cuticura Antiseptic Baby Oil at your drug or baby store today and test its unusual merits for yourself.

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antiseptic  
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Made in Canada by the  
makers of Cuticura  
Soap, Ointment and Talcum

## Spastic Children

Continued from page 68

with similar difficulties all assist them to make good progress.

Many spastics by their perseverance and courage have won important places for themselves. I personally know of one young woman who has a key job in nutrition in Canada despite this handicap. Many of her friends don't realize what grit it took to get her where she is. But even after such people have successfully finished their training, many of them have a hard time finding a job. Their appearance is often against them and many employers won't give them a chance.

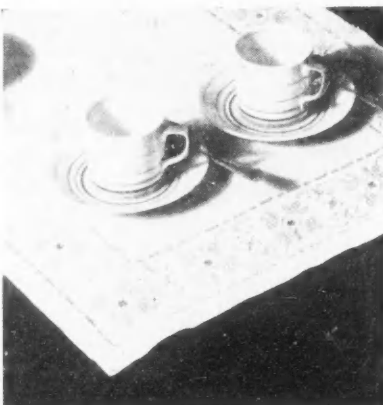
The next time you see a spastic with his awkward gait, just think of the time and effort it took him to learn to walk even that well. When he screws up his face involuntarily, don't conclude that he's crazy—he's probably as bright as you or I.

If you know of a spastic child who is getting no expert help, write to the Secretary, Canadian Council for Crippled Children, 112 College St., Toronto, for help in finding means to assist him.



## Cross Stitch

Above: Irish linen luncheon set, 36-inch cloth, four napkins; white, to be worked in apricot and green. Price, \$3; embroidery cottons, 30 cents. Order No. 116C. Below: Tray cloth, 24 x 18; white; apple green and yellow design. Price, 75c; cottons 20c. Order No. 117C. Address Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.



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GUARANTEED TO DYE  
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**Enjoy**  
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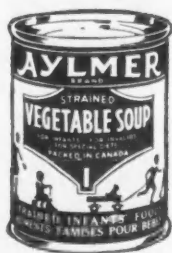
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Yes, baby needs plenty of vitamins and other good nourishing food values to grow on! And wise mothers know Aylmer Strained Vegetable Soup contains such excellent vitamin sources as wheat germ, brewer's yeast, special Aylmer beef extract and the finest vegetables this country grows! Steam-pressure cooked to preserve valuable vitamins and minerals. No wonder babies thrive!



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due to  
**Simple ANEMIA?**

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To Build Up RED BLOOD!

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the plan grows like a snowball and becomes almost as unwieldy. Indecision is due to lack of self-confidence. Such a person can never endure criticism and can acknowledge no faults in himself. A decisive person seldom nags. Secondly, a nagger is invariably egotistical and uses nagging as a device to give the impression that he is a dominant personality, whereas he is merely domineering. A person who is sure of himself does not need to dominate anyone for the mere sake of being the boss, and his status in the community, whether it be in the family, in the club or in the congregation, is determined by his skill and not by his manner. Third, a nagger is irresponsible. This may sound rather curious because most nagers seem to accept responsibility for other people's behavior. But in fact, the nagger is shifting responsibility to the other person. His attitude may be summed up by the words, "I have told you often enough and now I wash my hands of the affair," but he never completes this act of ablution because he lies in wait ready to cap the incident by, "I told you so," or "If you would only do as I say," or "How often have I said..." Alas! How often!!

In our modern western civilization wherein democracy, however little practiced, is held up as an ideal of social living, the children are brought up to respect others. Canadians do not like to be pushed about. Any attempt at such pushing calls forth retaliation and resentment. Nagging is verbal pushing about. It is an infringement on the personal integrity of the child. The child's inevitable reaction is resentment, irritability, then indifference and finally contempt. In these later stages the child may be looked upon as a problem child. The cause of the problem is a nagging parent.

Whenever there is a problem there is usually a remedy. To discover the remedy one must first make a careful diagnosis. As stated above the nagger usually does not recognize his or her fault. In order to test whether you are a nagger or not, start tomorrow morning when you get up. Having placed a pencil and paper beside your bed the night before, mark a cross on the paper every time you address your child other than in conversation. At the end of the day if the paper is clear of crosses you are not a nagger. If the paper looks like the ending of a young child's letter to Santa Claus follow this plan:

1. Make a thorough study of your plan of discipline and make sure that your child is familiar with this plan.

2. You probably have no hobby. It is time that you had something interesting to keep you busy in your leisure time. If you have no leisure time you are paying far too much attention to your home or business. A person who says he has no leisure time is either inefficient or egotistical.

3. Examine carefully whether you are permitting your child to accept more and more responsibility for his own behavior. Parents are prone to be reluctant in giving up their children as they grow up. Nagging is a form of compensation for this apparent loss.

Nagging is the easy way out of accepting the responsibility that rests with those who should be in authority. To nag or not to nag is never the question. Avoid nagging and enjoy your children—and they will enjoy you. +

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## For Sale, Princess

*Continued from page 29*

enough not to be heard by others.

"Why not?" said Nort, quite audibly. "It's a nice night. All the nicer for seeing you. I've missed you, Marcy."

He was having a fine time of it. His smiling lips, and eyes which showed no smile, told that. Nick walked toward them from down the pier. Several more came from the dark arbor next to the tennis courts, but stopped short of the dock. The pier itself held only Marcy, Nort and the approaching Nick.

Nick got up to them and slipped his hand under Marcy's left arm. Nort still held her right one, with his hand covering half the area from slim wrist to rounded elbow.

"Hello, Nort," Nick said mildly. "Ready, Marce? We'll go and get Uncle George and Aunt Sarah. Car's in back."

He took a step and stopped. Nort's hand had not relaxed on Marcy's arm.

"Why not stick around? It's early," said Nort, very friendly indeed. He was six inches taller than Nick and perhaps 70 pounds heavier. "We'll celebrate my homecoming. My treat."

"No, thanks," said Marcy.

"Why, Marcy?" said Nort. "After all the fun we've had together, and after knowing each other so very well—"

Marcy grabbed for Nick's wrist as he appeared between her and Norton.

"Don't, Nick," she said. "Oh, Nick, don't."

Nort's eyebrows went up in a perplexed way.

"Don't what?" he said. "Nick was only going to shake hands with me, or something. Weren't you, Nick?"

"Or something," Nick nodded.

Nort shook his head. "Now he looks peeved. Why is it all your boy friends try to pick fights with me, Marcy? Art Turner, Jimmy Hutch, John Maston—Only they were too polite to be . . . impolite . . . when it came right to the point."

"Okay, Marce?" said Nick, moving again toward the land end of the pier.

But Nort seemed to be in front of them, smiling down, with no smile in his eyes, however, with nothing but remembrance that this girl had had him and then rejected him—him, with every other girl in town envying her.

Nick hit him twice. The first blow brought Nort's guard down; the next brought Nort down himself, at least to one knee, where he stayed a moment shaking his head.

Norton got up, and the occupants of the hovering canoes watched with their eyes popping, and those at the end of the pier watched the same way. He got up, and Nick stepped toward him, very friendly indeed.

"Why, you tripped," said Nick sympathetically. "Dear, dear. This dock is very uneven. It ought to be fixed. Let me brush you off—"

Nort knocked him into the lake.

NICK HEARD Marcy's little scream, and it was just as well the water was shallow enough to stand in for he was in no shape for swimming. He heard steps pounding out on the pier, and Joe Richardson's face leaned over the edge.

"Need help, Nick?"

"Nope," said Nick, rather thickly. He caught the edge of the dock and slid up and onto it. Marcy put her arm tight around his wet body.

"Can you beat it?" said Nick. "For eight months I train like a prize horse. Early to bed, no smokes, two hours every morning in the gym, a run every noon, an hour every afternoon at Bill Tyler's boxing club. Just for tonight. And then the big ape taps me around like that."

"Don't you care," said Marcy crying a little. "Think how beautiful and bulky it's made you."

"I hope you mean the training," said Nick, touching the bulge on the side of his jaw. "Guess I pressed my luck too far."

"You made out all right," said Marcy. "Look."

Nick looked. Nort had stopped in front of the group at the end of the pier. The group was unanimously grinning at him. Nort glared, but the grins did not abate. He looked like an advertisement for health foods, standing there. He could have licked the bunch of them, two at a time, and for a breath it looked as if he might do so. But still the grins stayed in place. They were permanent-appearing grins, looking as if they'd be there for some time to come. The town would long remember Norton Lyman being knocked to his knees, and would soon forget what happened after. The main fact was that Nick had come out swinging. Perhaps that's always the main fact—come out swinging. Always.

After a moment Nort walked savagely off toward the parking lot, looming in the night like a baffled elephant. Uncle George, standing with Aunt Sarah to the side and rear, said something incoherent. Then the two were silent as Nick and his girl came up to them.

"Hi," said Nick. "We saw you, on the bench. What were you doing, heaving sentiment around in the moonlight?"

"No," said Aunt Sarah, "we were discussing Apperson automobiles."

Nick wrung at his clothes. "Had a little accident. Nothing that matters. Say, Marcy and I have kind of been having a talk . . . Well, say, she's pretty tough to get along with, but do you think, if you tried real hard, you could stand having her in the family?"

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